# LONDON REVIEW

## Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 322.—Vol. XIII.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

PRICE 4d. Stamped, 5d.

The Continent. England before Europe. The Reform Meeting at Birmingham. The Water Supply of London. The Early Closing Movement. State Prayers. Dwellings for the Poor in Paris. Our Social Apes. Cook's Voyages.

Gentility. Partridge Shooting. NOTES OF THE WEEK. FINE ARTS:-The London Theatres.

The Money Market.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:-

The United Discount Corporation (Limited). REVIEWS OF BOOKS :-

The First Man, and his Place in The Late Earl of Carlisle. The United States and Democracy. London Poems. The Critical English Testament.

Days of Yore. The Three Louisa A Book of Hotch-Potch French Literature. Macleod's Theory Banking. Invincible Ignorance Short Notices

### THE CONTINENT.

SINCE we last wrote the definitive treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia has been signed and ratified. Its terms Austria and Prussia has been signed and ratified. Its terms we have so fully indicated by the preliminaries, which it closely follows, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. It is more important to observe that the vaticinations of those who predicted that it would lead to nothing but an armed truce, seem likely to turn out ill-founded. Deeply mortified as the Austrian Government must be by the issue of the late war, there is every reason to think that they are willing to accept its consequences in good faith. Instead of sulkily brooding over their defeat, they are said to show every inclination to enter into friendly relations with their conquerors. No one will question the wisdom of such a course. If they could not contend against Prussia for the leadership of Germany when the old Bund still existed, when the minor States still possessed independence, and when the prestige of the Kaiser was unbroken, they are not likely to make a better fight in the absence of all these favourable conditions. On the other hand, as a semi-German Power, lying on the confines of Germany, although forming no part of it, Austria has many interests in common with Prussia, and both States will consult their permanent welfare by cultivating friendly relations rather than keeping alive old differences, and thus playing into the hands of foreign nations. Although they could not get on together as rivals, they may find in each other useful and loyal allies, and it will be all the better for Europe if they do. This is not, however, the only point in which Austria is showing herself amenable to the only kind of instruction she has ever condescended to receive—that of misfortune. We are glad to hear that she appears at last sensible of the enormous advantages which she may reap from cultivating the friendship of Italy. Instead of insisting upon an extortionate price for the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, she has consented to surrender them without payment; and although she is not willing to give up the whole of the Trentine, it is said that she is prepared to cede that portion which is most valuable to Italy. With the whole of the lake of Garda in their possession, the Italians will have no pretext for alleging that their frontier is insecure, and no shadow of justification for any further projects of territorial aggrandisement. Their remaining grievances are indeed chiefly of a sentimental character, but they are such as the Emperor Francis Joseph would do well to remove. If it be true that his generals have removed from Venice some of the precious works of art which make up half the glory of the ancient city-if the precious archives of the old republic have been taken to Vienna, they should be at once restored. Their loss makes Italy perceptibly poorer, but adds nothing to the wealth of Austria; while the spoliation leaves behind it a bitter sense of injury and a sharp sting of resentment, on the sensitive minds of Victor Emmanuel's subjects. It would in like manner be not only a graceful but a politic act, if the Viennese Cabinet were to allow the famous iron crown to follow the fate of the provinces to which it legitimately belongs. The Italians are said to be at present somewhat backward in reciprocating the friendly advances of those who were recently their enemies, and it is perhaps natural that they should be. But the rancour of a Southern people, although intense while it lasts, is never very obstinate. A little timely generosity on the part of

Austria would smooth away many difficulties, obliterate many irritating recollections, and prepare the way for the cordial relations which ought to prevail between two nations whose territories are closely connected, and whose interests are now

in complete harmony. Terms of peace have been arranged between Prussia and all the minor German States-except Saxony-with which she was recently at war. In the case of Saxony, the difficulty which has arisen is probably due to the intervention of the Emperor Napoleon on behalf of King John. But it can scarcely be of long continuance if Count Bismarck remains firm, as he is likely to do. For, although the conditions on which he is insisting are hard enough—embracing as they do a demand that the Saxon troops shall take the military oath to the King of Prussia, and that all fortified places in Saxony, including Dresden, be exclusively garrisoned by Prussian troops—still it is of extreme importance to Prussia to maintain a firm hold upon this kingdom, while the Count is known to retain a lively, and far from agreeable recollection of the steadfast and bitter opposition which he so long met with from M. von Beust, the late Premier of Saxony. At any rate, Germany has so far settled down into shape, that it may be useful to glance for a moment at the present distribution of power amongst the States which compose it. Prussia will have a population of about 24 millions, while inhabitants of the smaller States composing the Northern Bund will bring the total up to 27 millions. The future army of the Confederation will, when fully organized, amount to between 700,000 and 800,000 men. On the other hand, the total population of South Germany is only 8,500,000, divided amongst four States, between which any community of action is almost altogether out of the question. In three of these at least the people have strong Prussian sympathies, and it is certain that in case of war all of them would rally to her side rather than take part with the foreigner. Count Bismarck is, therefore, not likely to meet with any difficulties in this quarter. He may with perfect safety either delay or hasten on the inevitable consolidation of Germany under the King of Prussia, exactly as the one or the other course suits the exigencies of his foreign or domestic policy. At present he has two good reasons for not hurrying matters forward. It would not be prudent to press France too hard, or to accumulate provocations which the Emperor might not be able to bear. And considering that the South-German States are the stronghold of the Republican party, such as it is, it is probably thought advisable to get the North-German Parliament into working order before any element of confusion is introduced into it.

Active preparations are being made for the convocation of this assembly, and Count Bismarck now shows himself as anxious to conciliate the Liberals and Constitutionalists as he once was to flout them. The reason is, of course, obvious. The Liberals are the only people who can and will help him to complete the unity of Germany. The Conservatives and the Court party may not be altogether indifferent to this object, but they care far more for the maintenance of sovereign and aristocratic rights; and, as the Minister but lately found, they are only too ready to sacrifice the results of his policy to the attainment of their own petty and selfish ends. At any rate, be the case what it may, it is certain that the Count, by his

conduct on a recent occasion, has dispelled the only cloud which seemed to hang over his otherwise complete and happy fraternization with his late opponents. The Government at first proposed by the Annexation Bill to delay for an indefinite period the introduction of the Prussian Constitution into Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau. The Liberals were naturally suspicious of a measure which might have concealed an attempt to render the King partially independent of the Prussian Parliament by placing at his disposal the resources of the conquered States. Moreover, they justly urged that if the Constitutions of the annexed States had been destroyed by conquest, it was all the more necessary that the inhabitants should be admitted to Prussian citizenship and allowed a share in the benefits of the Prussian charter. If that were not done, they insisted that an opportunity would be given for the Catholics and ultra-Conservative parties in those States to get up an opposition to the dictatorship of the King of Prussia, while his Majesty would be deprived of the support of the Liberals, who would resent their deprivations of constitutional rights. Count Bismarck at once yielded to their representations. He not only assented to a proposal that the introduction of the Prussian constitution into the annexed States should not be delayed beyond a year, but promised to consider the possibility of shortening the period of transition. The foreign correspondents of our contemporaries describe the effect of this concession upon the public mind as eminently satisfactory. It at once dissipated doubts which had been springing up as to the perfect sincerity of the Minister, and greatly increased the growing cordiality of his relations with the Liberal leaders. Everything, indeed, seems just now couleur de rose in Prussia. Public opinion is said to be satisfied with the answer of the King to the address of the Lower House; and, perhaps, public opinion is right, although, we confess, that there are some sentences in it which rather grate upon our ears. His Majesty admits, in the most explicit manner, that he broke the constitution by voting his own budget. But he is not a bit repentant. On the contrary, he maintains that, under all the circumstances, he did quite right, and very candidly informs his Parliament that in a similar emergency he would do the like again. Still, as he very truly adds, such an emergency hardly can recur; and in that reflection lies the best reason that the Prussian Liberals have for putting the most favourable construction upon the King's words. The influences by which he and his successors will be surrounded as soon as the German Parliament is fully established, will be too strong to allow of any return to arbitrary government. Indeed we hope they will be strong enough to carry some reforms which are essentially necessary to complete the edifice of Prussian liberty. Sufficient, however, for the day is the good thereof. Both King and people may well be content to rest and be thankful for a little while. In no country did so rapid a change in the state of affairs ever take place in so short a time. A few weeks ago Prussia was overshadowed by a powerful rival, and beset by enemies and hostile neighbours. She was at the same time a prey to domestic contention, which had alienated the people from the Government, had extinguished for a time their loyalty to the King, and had brought the country to the verge of a revolution. Her supremacy is now unquestioned in Germany; she has no superior in Europe; and a united and loyal people have once more rallied with enthusiasm around the throne. So far as human ken can pierce, there is not a single cloud in her

### ENGLAND BEFORE EUROPE.

THE definite elimination of Austria from the European State-system has not been the only, nor even the most important, result of the signal victory which Bismarck, Von Moltke, and the needle gun have jointly achieved. The consolidation of Germany into a single, well-knit frame, has introduced a new and most perplexing element into the complicated organism which the statecraft of the past half-century had laboured so zealously to construct and perpetuate; especially it has lessened the weight of France and England in the councils of the great Western community and, relatively, has depreciated their fighting force. At present we forbear to touch on the consequences to France of these startling changes, we confine our view to the future of our own country. Since the reality of this transformation of Europe has become apparent, public opinion uniting it in its consideration with the recent revelations of Admiralty and Army maladministration, has been deeply moved. The agitation, as usual, has found expression in the Press. Most of our con-

temporaries have given utterance to a vague uneasiness or even a distinct alarm; have passed judgment on its causes and probable issues, and have suggested remedies or palliatives more or less ineffective. Never, surely, has the trumpet given forth a more uncertain sound. proposes the substitution of a landwehr for the volunteer force; another, apparently, looks to an increase of the regular army, and a strengthening of the navy; a third scouts the idea of war at all-a month after Sadowa; a fourth relies on our "superior civilization," or on the latent élan and obstinate vigour of the Anglo-Saxon. Some of these in their way are well enough, though mere adjuncts to a thoroughgoing policy; others it would be vain to rely on. But all are expedients undeserving the name of political remedy. So far as we can see, no one of these writers has calmly probed the sources of England's present weakness; no one has appreciated, or, at least, had the courage to grasp the true, and only means of cure. It is strange that, while in their private affairs Englishmen are conspicuous for their decision of character, English politics should be so markedly deficient in energy of will. As a nation, we have no distinct policy—in domestic matters neither Liberals nor Conservatives have a policy. Certain broad lines are laid down from which we never deviate far; but we do deviate often and most detrimentally to the public interest. If we mean adequately to face the renovated map of Europe, out of which danger may come, but from which it would be treason to the past and the future wholly to sever ourselves, it is time for us to buckle on our armour; and the strength of that armour lies not chiefly in ironclads or breech-loaders, but in a tense national will. The main task, therefore, of the statesmen of this generation, of the Liberal statesmen in especial, is to frame and disseminate a definite policy to be accepted finally and distinctly as the expression of the popular will. In this task they cannot depart from certain generallyacknowledged principles, but within the limit fixed by these the future of these kingdoms will depend greatly upon the great

England's present position in Europe is still, in spite of the success of the Volunteer movement, what Lord Lyndhurst some years ago described it to be, "an existence upon sufferance." Public law alone protects her, as it does Holland and Switzerland; and public law, being based on no sanction, is scarcely more than an expression for public opinion. If, therefore, any future complication were to unite France with either or both of the nations that have recently grown up beside her, our safety might be seriously imperilled. And, yet, we believe that, under a new policy, such as with some confidence we might look for from Mr. Gladstone, England could stand in a very different relation to the Continent. Without an increase—even perhaps with a diminution of her defensive expenditure—she could place herself in a position free from danger of any possible complication in Europe, and, by drawing more closely the bonds of alliance between herself and her neighbour, she could afford to rejoice sincerely, without the slightest arrière pensée of alarm in the growth and progress of Germany or Italy. While we can searcely hope in our time to witness the extinction of war, such a condition of England's relations to the Continent would offer the surest guarantee possible for its discontinuance in Europe. How has England failed to attain this secure strength? What errors have reduced her to the humiliating necessity of confessing that no wrong to the weak can urge her to redress it, and that every evidence of increasing energy in long dormant nationalities disquiets her? How has it come to pass that she, the foremost industrial and inventive nation in the world, the most wealthy, too, and by position the least exposed to hostility, trembles at the progress of scientific warfare? In the answers to these questions lie the heads of the bold policy which we so earnestly desire the chiefs of the Liberal party to accept and to preach. Briefly, setting aside minor points, that policy might be summed up in the phrase "concentrate the empire." That gigantic frame which has grown up, not by natural development wholly, but in great part by accretion around the insular heart, has long been incapacitated for vigorous action by unwieldiness of bulk. The life-blood is insufficient to keep up vitality; at the extremities it circulates languidly, yet it leaves the heart dry and palsied. England, if she is to live strong as ever in the new cycle which is opening, must disembarrass herself of these exhausting appendages. Her great need at the present hour is a statesman bold enough of heart and steady enough of hand to perform with decision the inevitable amputations. It is our best hope that the honesty and clearness of view which have, since the close of the Palmerstonian era, begun to leaven the Liberal ranks, may raise among us such a man.

Our military force, it is now freely admitted, ought-if only a decent economy and, let us add, honesty were the rule of administration-to be supported in its present state of efficiency for about two-thirds of the annual expenditure under the existing system. Or, to put the case in another light, we should possess at an equal cost an army once and a half as powerful. It is quite certain that public opinion will very soon compel at least an approach to these desirable reforms. We pretermit just now any discussion of other changes which would tend still more to strengthen our hands in war and elevate the character of our armies, only indicating that military men, the most obstinate Conservatives in the world, are beginning to see, and almost to say, that England's troops will never be a match, either officers or men, for the democratic armies of the Continent till the abolition of purchase gives the poor and clever adventurer a career-a chance of shaping his fortune with his sword. But all these reforms, useful and even necessary as we esteem them, will not avail to give England security-an army within the four seas able to cope with any that a Continental foe could land on her shores -as long as she single-handed has to fight at once in every quarter of the globe, to crush, coerce, or control Maoris, Kafirs, and Malays, Hindus, Chinese, and negroes,-as long as she has to defend Canada from Fenians and to hold black and white men in the West Indies from rending each other in pieces. The cost of life and money which this colonial and foreign service annually entails is in itself a serious element in the unparalleled expenditure of our military administrators: the withdrawal of these forces would at once cut off this source of useless loss and would place at our disposal, for home service, the entire number, whatever it might be, so withdrawn. It would, no doubt, be a tedious and difficult task to prepare India for a diminution of the British forces there; but, apart from that country, there is no other part of the globe where either duty or interest commands us to maintain a force of soldiers. Much, it will be seen, of these last remarks apply to our naval squadrons on foreign stations. This policy of quitting such positions as have to be held mainly by the sword, and leaving our colonies to defend themselves against the improbable contingencies of an invasion, would of course necessitate a severance of the nominal tie which now links British America and Australia to the English Crown. No doubt these communities might at first be inclined to murmur, for hitherto they have enjoyed the protection of the English flag without having to pay for it. But the safety of this country must be considered first of all. It may also be thought that the Fenian attempts on Canada prove conclusively two things; that Canada is in no danger from anything except her connection with England, and that the connection with England, in the time of trial, is utterly powerless for purposes of defence. No sane man believes that if Canada was in outward seeming what in reality she is, an independent Republic, she would have run any more risk of a Fenian raid than Portugal or Norway. The belief that by striking a blow at Canada England might be entangled in a quarrel with the States, was the very intelligible motive of the Fenian chiefs. We take it, the Canadians are acute enough to discern these conclusions—that had a war ensued, their British citizenship would have been the immediate occasion of it; that England could not, if she would, man their frontier with 100,000 men; that 100,000 men would be powerless to guard that long frontier from the armies of the Union. The same lesson has been enforced by the whole course of the Maori war in New Zealand, the constitutional deadlock in Victoria, and the disastrous shame of the Jamaica massacres.

### THE REFORM MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM.

The recent Reform demonstration at Birmingham is a "great fact." Whatever may be said about previous meetings or gatherings, there can be no mistake as to the representative character or the real earnestness of the multitude assembled at Brook Fields. Organization may do a great deal towards investing with spurious importance, movements intrinsically of little consequence. But no organization with which we have any acquaintance is equal to the task of collecting from a number of neighbouring towns, and concentrating upon one spot, a quarter of a million of people, who care nothing for the object in support of which they are brought together. The sacrifice of wages involved in the devotion of a whole day to political agitation, is in itself a sufficient proof of the genuine enthusiasm by which this vast

mass was moved. It is idle any longer to pretend that the working classes are indifferent to Reform, and the Conservative organs seem fully aware of the fact. Until last Tuesday morning they never ceased telling us that there was no demand for an extension of the franchise. But with a coolness, that is in its way worthy of all admiration, they now assure us that it was quite needless to get so many people together to prove what nobody disputed. According to their present account of their own opinions, they have never doubted that the artisans of the large towns were in favour of Reform, and have never hesitated except as to the precise mode of giving it to them. We cannot, however, forget the way in which the moderate Bill of the late Government was received in the House of Commons. If one half of its opponents, following Mr. Lowe, descanted on the political unfitness, the other half insisted not less emphatically on the political apathy of the working classes; while it was made a specific charge against Mr. Gladstone, that he had needlessly and recklessly hurried on legislation, for which there was no call, and had in pure wantonness reversed what was called "the policy of Lord Palmerston." To that charge, meetings like the one held at Birmingham are the best reply. They will prevent the subject being trifled with in any future session of Parliament, as it was in that which has just closed. They will insure its being debated on the merits, instead of being hustled out of the House by technical or dilatory amendments. The character of the amendments which long delayed, and at last proved fatal to, Lord Russell's measure, was indeed, we observe, relied upon in some quarters as a proof that the House of Commons is not opposed to Parliamentary Reform, and that agitation is therefore unnecessary. But those equivocal amendments were supported by speeches, the sense of which was not equivocal; and it is a fact notorious to every one who took the trouble to inquire, that a considerable majority of the House was really opposed to the Bill on the ground that it would swamp the existing constituencies with a mass of working-class voters. What was the meaning of all that we heard about the enfranchisement of a couple of hundred thousand artisans upsetting the balance of the Constitution, if those from whom it proceeded had any real wish for that extension of the franchise to which they now profess themselves favourable? We freely admit that they had no objection to some juggling extension, which should be so manipulated as to confer no additional power upon the class in question. But, then, that is just the gravamen of the charge against them. What the working men want is not so much that individual members of the body should be enfranchised, as that the body itself should be able to make its voice heard, and its influence felt, in the House of Commons. They ask for that share of power to which their education and intelligence entitle them, and it is no answer to such a demand to give them a Reform Bill in which, by a cunning redistribution of seats, and an astute rearrangement of boundaries, their influence shall be cut down in one direction as much as it is increased in another. The measure of the late Government although a small one, satisfied them, because, as Mr. Bright said, they felt it was thoroughly honest, and because it was introduced by Mr. Gladstone in a spirit of trust and confidence, which they were eager to reciprocate. It is regretted by the House of Commons, because they did not share either the intentions or the feelings of their leader; and it will be surprising if the challenge thus flung down to the unenfranchised masses is not taken up by a formidable agitation of which the Birmingham demonstration is only the beginning.

The great feature of that demonstration was, of course, in an oratorical point of view, the speech of Mr. Bright. It was not one of his best efforts, although, it contained many striking and effective passages. In its main argument we quite agree, as may, indeed, be gathered from our previous observations. Like Mr. Bright we think that the Government of Lord Derby is, by the acts and speeches of its members, so far committed against any real and honest Reform, that the people are justified in demanding that the question shall be taken out of their hands, and shall be dealt with by those in whom they have confidence, and who have confidence in them. In his advice to the working classes to organize and agitate we cordially concur, because the whole course of recent events has shown that the present governing classes will not part with one iota of their power, except under compulsion or the fear of it. With him, also, we trust that Reformers will not split hairs, but will, like their forefathers thirty years ago, unite upon some simple, moderate, and substantial measure. As to the character of that measure Mr. Bright prudently abstained from saying a word, and we shall imitate his example. So much must depend upon the extent and intensity of the agitations that may take place during the autumn, that no one can

now form a trustworthy opinion as to the proposal which it will be advisable or safe to make to Parliament in the spring of 1867. The Conservatives, by their rash and obstinate opposition to all change, have taken the question out of the hands of statesmen like Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone; they have referred it to the country, and with the country the issue now rests. The only thing which can be predicted with tolerable certainty is, that we shall never again hear of so moderate an extension of the franchise as that to £7 and £14. For our own part we should be glad to have a more liberal measure, although we should have willingly accepted the Bill of the present year as the basis of a pacific settlement. It would have been worth a great deal to have been spared the evils which are inseparable from any agitation; nor would it have been a slight advantage that the Bill should have passed with the unanimous, or nearly unanimous, assent of both the great parties. As Mr. Gladstone well and eloquently contended, on more than one occasion, nothing could have had a better effect in dissipating class prejudices, and uniting all ranks in a common attachment to, and support of, our institutions. Nothing, we may add, would have been so efficacious in preserving to the higher and more educated classes that influence which, if it be freely given, it is desirable that they should have, over the lower and less instructed. To attain these results, we would willingly have put up with both defects and shortcomings. As we have not been able to do so, we must console ourselves with the reflection that the Tory policy of obstruction will, as usual, give us in the end a far more complete and radical measure of Reform.

Mr. Bright dwelt with great force and effect upon the impossibility of maintaining the present exclusion of the working classes from the suffrage, in face of the more liberal franchises of other countries. But although we share his opinion on that point, we cannot but regret that in enforcing it he should have used language which may have passed muster with the excited audience he was addressing, but which every one else knows to be a ridiculous exaggeration. It is not true, and working men in their calmer moments know it is not true, that they are like Coolies or Chinese, because they are denied the franchise, unless they live in £10 houses or own a 40s. freehold. They have the protection of equal and just laws, they exercise no inconsiderable influence upon public opinion, and in this indirect way upon legislation, and if they are to a large extent excluded from the possession of the suffrage, they are not kept out by any class or caste distinction which degrades as well as injures. They have wrongs which require redress, but there was no use in overstating their case in a manner which is something like an insult to persons of ordinary intelligence. Mr. Bright committed a very similar error in declaring that the suppression of the Hyde-park meeting was an illustration of the doctrines and the principles of Lord Derby's Administration. Surely he knows as well as everybody else that it was nothing of the sort. Both Sir George Grey and Earl Russell have expressly declared that, had they remained in office, they would not have allowed Mr. Beales and his friends to assemble in a public park. And to say that, because a Government will not permit a mingled mass of Reformers and "roughs" to meet in a place devoted to recreation, they therefore "despise the Constitution," is to talk in a way which might become Mr. Mason Jones, but which is utterly unworthy of a man of Mr. Bright's ability and position. The unfairness of such statements is so palpable, that it mentally creates a reaction in favour of those against whom it is directed, while it does nothing but harm to the cause which it is intended to serve. Again, it is impossible to approve of the manner in which Mr. Bright introduced the name of the Queen. She has, no doubt, recommended the consideration of the Reform question to Parliament six or seven times; but surely it is not necessary in these days to point out that she did so simply as the mouthpiece of her Ministers. Whether the Queen would be the first to discover the destructive properties of a bad Reform Bill, we really cannot say, although we have a strong opinion on the point; but no one knows better than Mr. Bright that she would be acting in a most unconstitutional manner if she expressed any opinion except that which was suggested to her through the proper channel. In this instance, too, Mr. Bright seems to have been talking down to the level of his audience in a very objectionable and mischievous manner. But nothing that can be said was so objectionable and so mischievous as his advice that an extract from the celebrated speech of Mr. Lowe should be hung up in every workshop, and should form, as it were, the text for agitation. We have our own opinion, and we have expressed it freely, in reference to the political conduct of the Conservatives; but it is unjust to charge them with being, as a party, systematic slanderers of the working classes, because, n the heat of debate, they choose a speech in which some very

harsh sentences occurred—sentences, be it observed, not a whit more harsh than some which Mr. John Bright has deliberately written in a well-known work. Surely it is not necessary to infuse into the new agitation this element of rancorous resentment and vehement class passion. The sound and valid claims of the working classes to a greater share of political power are far more likely to be recognised if they depend on their own merits than if they rest on the demerits of their antagonists. They will obtain a hearing from the better portion of the class above them far more readily if they conduct the movement in the generous, conciliating, and confiding spirit of Mr. Gladstone, than if they allow it to be characterized by the narrower, bitterer, and more distrustful spirit of Mr. Bright.

### THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

It is nearly three centuries since the Dutchman, Peter Morrys, astonished the Cockneys of Queen Elizabeth's time by forcing the water of the Thames over the steeple of Saint Magnus, by means of an undershot wheel in the first arch of London Bridge. And certain it is, that whatever public feeling may have been prior to the works which Morrys introduced, and which lasted two centuries, from that period until now, the question of the supply for the metropolis has been constantly the object of consideration, suggestion, and criticism. It is natural that it should be so, more especially when some extraordinary event takes place to awaken consideration of its causes. In London every phase of supply has been passed through, and we can yet trace in the names of localities the efforts of our ancestors to increase and to regulate it. Doubtless the quantity and purity of the water were as earnestly considered then as now. Indeed, the New River—commenced some two and a half centuries back—was expressly conceived to effect so desirable a result. But as the city increased, and an additional quantity became necessary, other efforts were called into requisition; and in the first half of the eighteenth century the Chelsea Waterworks were brought into successful operation, the water being taken from Chelsea Reach. The remaining Thames companies date from the commencement of the present century. The supply now daily furnished is about one hundred millions of gallons. Of this quantity the New River Company supplies one quarter, the Thames companies one half. The latter are as follows :- 1. The Chelsea, founded in 1723. 2. The Lambeth, in 1785; it is, however, proper to remark with regard to this company that the works were commenced with limited capital on a small scale and developed by degrees. 3. The Southwark and Vauxhall, 1805. 4. The West Middlesex, 1806. 5. The Grand Junction, 1811. The East London furnish about one-fifth. In this case the water is taken from the River Lea, and is brought to the reservoirs at Lea Bridge, and at Old Ford, near Bow. The remainder is furnished by the Kent Company, taking its supply from the River Ravensbourne, below Lewisham, supplying about seven millions. The South Essex gives at present under 200,000

When we consider what the Thames was in the days when it was the recipient of the sewage of the metropolis, and that the water was taken at Hungerford Bridge, at Chelsea. and generally in tidal water without any attempt at filtration-indeed it was not until 1829 that Simpson successfully perfected his process,-we at once sympathize with the outcry of that time at its impurity. In 1821, the whole question became the subject of Parliamentary inquiry, and since that period has frequently been the subject of investigation. The Act of 1852, however, led to considerable change, for it entailed upon companies the necessity of taking their supplies above tidal water. Hence its provisions exacted the disbursement of large sums to comply with these conditions; and, since this date, increased systematic care is taken in its purification. In 1850, the supply furnished by the Thames companies was about twenty million gallons daily. It is now

about fifty millions.

The appearance of the cholera this season has led to a renewed agitation, and we have schemes suggested by which London can insure a thorough and perfect supply. Cholera is essentially one of those diseases which awaken the attention of thinking men, for the most selfish must see how terrible are its ravages when unchecked. There is, however, a better spirit inculcated by our civilization. It is understood that the neglect of duty in such circumstances not only brings its certain penalty, but that many of the bonds which hold society together depend on the rigid observance of these obligations by the more fortunate and the more educated. The value and the necessity of water need no comment, for its requirements are parallel to those of light and air. But the modern theory with regard to cholera is, that the main danger lies in the water we drink, and hence that its infection is most insidious. Certain known precautions protect the attendants on those suffering from the disease. It is the man in health, not thinking of extraordinary precaution, who unknowingly imbibes the poison. For it is asserted that this poison lies in the discharge of cholera patients, and that the disease is communicated by means of water. The Registrar-General's return of the 20th August gave some remarkable statistics of the deaths through cholera and diarrhœa for the five weeks ending the 11th August. There are thirtyseven water districts in London. In the South and East Districts, covered by 1,400,000 souls, being supplied chiefly by the Thames water, the average of deaths was 1 per 1,000. In 1849 and 1854 the Southern Districts, which lie low, and of which the population is poor, were nearly decimated. They then used the water pumped from the tidal portion of the Thames, whereas now it is drawn above Teddington Lock. The five Northern Districts are supplied from the New River, a Thames Company, and from the Lea Bridge Reservoir of the Eastern Company. The whole of the densely-crowded Central Districts, some noted for their poverty, is supplied by the New River, excepting in a trifling degree, where the East London intervenes. These Northern and Central Districts have been equally exempt, comparatively speaking, with the South and West. It is in the East, where the water is supplied from the Old Ford reservoir, that the deaths have been excessive: viz., 39 per 1,000 in Bethnal-green, 50 in Mile End Old Town, 60 in St. George's in the East, 70 in Whitechapel. Thus, to recapitulate, of the thirty-seven districts into which London, in the matter of water, is divided, six only have been ravaged by the epidemic, and in all these cases the supply came from Old Ford. A fact which proves that in point of salubrity, with this exception, no argument can be urged against the present water supply.

The grounds on which the new schemes are put forth are that the existing supply is imperfect and unsatisfactory, on account of the quality and the rate of charge, and that it is not possible for the present water companies to afford a supply larger, less intermittent, better, or cheaper. Of course, if the Thames and its affluents be exhausted, and the companies can in no way extend their operations, the argument is ended, and one of these projects, or something cognate, must be accepted. Mr. Bateman, at the cost of twelve millions, by means of an aqueduct 183 miles long, proposes to bring water from the Welsh hills. Messrs. Hemans & Hassard, by an aqueduct of 240 miles, propose to bring water from the Lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The cost of this work is estimated at nineteen millions sterling. One work of considerable magnitude is incidental to the latter-a tunnel 71 miles in length, from Ullswater under Kirkstone Pass. By this scheme it is proposed to bring 150 million gallons daily to the metropolis, leaving fifty million gallons to towns on the route, reducing the cost to 3d. per 1,000 gallons, about, it is asserted, one half the usual price charged. The supply furnished by the present water companies during the week ending August 25th, as given in the Registrar-General's return, is a trifle below 103 million gallons. We see in these propositions one of the faults peculiar to the day-extravagance. As so much national prosperity has often thrown wealth into hands where its disbursement is not marked by refinement and taste, so the immense public works of the last quarter of a century have accustomed the outer world to look upon large expenditures as the guarantee of assured desirable results. We do not say the sum is too large to pay in the event of no other means being possible to supply London properly with water. In that case we would not count the cost. But we hold that this immense expense is simply unnecessary; that if the Thames and its affluents be conserved, the necessary amount of pure and good water can be obtained. Mr. Hemans really only proposes to give us about one half as much water as we have now, and his estimate of the quantity needed at present may be regarded as the maximum. The Thames Navigation Bill of last session is a wonderful advance in the right direction, and, where imperfect, it can be perfected. By its provisions no sewer, drain, or pipe, or channel is to be opened into the Thames, and no sewage to pass into the main river or any affluent. All the present drainage is to be discontinued after notice from the Conservators, ranging from twelve months to three years. The consequence will be that Windsor, Oxford, with the other towns, must create cesspools, and no longer deluge with filth that really noble river. Properly cared for, the Thames, which is the natural

water supply of those who live in its picturesque valley, will furnish, by aid of its tributaries, all that is needed by the millions who dwell there. But its resources must be husbanded. Mr. Bailey Denton, in a letter to the *Times* this week, estimates "the water now pumped up at Thames-head and withdrawn from the Thames to be thrown into the Severn," to feed "the profitless Thames and Severn Canal," at 3,000,000 gallons daily. The wealth of its affluents in this respect is immense. The Kent works furnish London with 7,000,000 daily from the River Ravensbourne; and in 1830, Mr. Anderson, then Manager of the Grand Junction Works, proposed to draw the whole supply of that company from the River Colne. But the directors were startled by the threatened claims for damages and the destruction of water privileges, and reluctantly abandoned the project.

We are far from asserting that the present water supply is perfect. On the contrary, it requires extension and development; and it is precisely by such propositions as those of Mr. Bateman on the one hand, and Messrs. Hemans & Hassard on the other, that the companies are stimulated to effort, and to rise from the slough of the quieta non movere principle. Their duty is very plain; and should they relax in its performance, the remedy does not in our judgment lie in the costly. projects we are examining. Their propounders, however, deserve well of the community by attracting attention to the subject, and for the care and labour they have bestowed in making known their opinions. But we cannot go further. For we consider both schemes not adapted to the emergency, and that all the requirements of London can be satisfied by the simple principle of conserving the Thames, by keeping it free from foulness and filth, and by exacting that the water companies, at reasonable cost, bring all the water that is needed, doing away with some absurd regulations, not the least of which is the non-delivery of water on the Sunday, the only day on which many hundreds of thousands can efficiently and luxuriantly wash their persons. The Thames Navigation Bill very clearly traces out the principle. It needs only to be unswervingly followed.

### THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

For the last twenty years, a society or association has existed in this metropolis, through whose exertions a heavy social grievance has been mitigated, and which has now before it a task which has only to be rightly understood in order to enlist the sympathies of every right-minded person. Occasionally, some meeting of influential ladies, such as that held not long since at Stafford House under the auspices of the Duchess of Sutherland, reminds us of its existence; not unfrequently some sermon preached on its behalf catches the ear unexpectedly, evincing the interest of the metropolitan clergy in its success; and occasionally the newspaper report of a public meeting in its interest brings home to us the fact that to toil indoors from an early hour on Monday morning till late on Saturday night without a short half-holiday is a state of things which neither need exist nor ought any longer to exist.

Formerly, the British shopkeeper never thought of closing his establishment before ten o'clock at night. Whether he thought at all of the powers of endurance of his employés, or whether he excused himself with the reflection that his neighbour was as inconsiderate as himself, it is difficult to determine. There were some, however, who compassionated those suffering under this want of consideration, and who, putting their heads together, formed the society of the Early Closing Association. The object of that Association was the reduction of the excessive hours of business then prevailing in warehouses and shops. Encouraged by the excellence of their own motives, and aided. after a time, by the co-operation of the shopkeepers themselves (whom they have in some measure converted to their views), they have continued their charitable exertions with marked success; and many thousands of young men and young women, both in the metropolis and in the provinces, have to thank them for a relief from the former severity of business hours. Through their exertions most of the wholesale houses in this and other large cities throughout the kingdom are now closed at six o'clock; and the retail houses, as a rule, shut up at eight o'clock in the summer and seven in winter. In the result the British shopkeeper is not one penny the poorer, the British public finds no cause for complaining that they are put to inconvenience, while the employés of the shops and warehouses are enabled to enjoy, after a day's labour, an hour or two which they can really call their own. Having accomplished so much of this self-imposed and

meritorious task, the Association are now directing their energies towards obtaining for the numerous employés in London warehouses, workrooms, and shops a Saturday halfholiday. Considerations of health, considerations of fair play between employer and employed, and considerations touching the employer's own interest come in to aid the cause of the poor milliners and shop hands. Some weeks ago a number of influential ladies contrived to give a wonderful stimulus to the movement. At the invitation of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, they met at Stafford House; and, although they got Earl Grosvenor and the Earl of Shaftesbury to make the speeches, they unanimously carried resolutions in favour of the Saturday Half-holiday Movement, and invited the cooperation of all the ladies of the metropolis. Already have several hundreds of the ladies of position in London pledged themselves not to shop on Saturdays after two o'clock. An excellent ladies' committee-including the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Shaftesbury, and the Countess of Ducie, "with power to add to their number"—are ready to take to task any lady who, after having given the pledge, shall fail to observe it. A large number of the leading silkmercers and linendrapers, fearless of competition and "the trade," resolved on closing their houses for three months at two o'clock on Saturdays. The undertaking to close early is now no longer restricted to three months. Employers have already begun to see that the short half-holiday on Saturday results in more cheerfulness, energy, and attention to their interests during the week, and that they do not, at all events, lose anything by the concession. Many firms who acceded to the half-holiday movement as a temporary arrangement on its trial, are now publicly advertising their complete conversion and publishing intimations to that effect. As the clock strikes two, up go the shutters, on go the bonnets and hats, and, thanks to the humane efforts of the Early Closing Association, and to the consideration of the thirty-four houses, and those others who are now fast following their example, many thousands of overworked young girls and young men are enabled to get a mouthful of fresh air at the end of six days' close confinement. Judging from the rapid progress already made, there is every reason to hope that the Saturday Half-holiday will ere long become the rule and not the exception. To those to whom ease is a habit, and on whom close confinement is imposed by nothing short of a rainy day, it is hardly possible to convey an adequate idea of the boon thus conferred on the overtasked shop-assistants. Scarce is the sun up than the poor shop-girl speeds off to her place behind the counter, and she does not leave it before nightfall. The British navvy works hard, but his lot is enviable in comparison with that of the unfortunate milliner cooped up in a close atmosphere from Monday morning till Saturday night. It is to be hoped that the public generally will be considerate enough to join with the ladies who have taken such energetic measures, and that families will so arrange their household affairs as to avoid the necessity of shopping on Saturday afternoon. No doubt a large class of the shops of London must always remain open till late on Saturday. Those are the shops that supply the working classes and the poor with provisions and other necessities and small luxuries. It is not to these that the movement now on foot applies, but to warehouses, wholesale houses, and shops (employing, some of them, hundreds of hands), which, looking to the classes they supply, would serve their own purpose and that of their customers quite as well if they made it a rule to close early on Saturdays. "By making it a rigid rule," says the Association, "to avoid shopping after two o'clock on Saturdays, ladies will have the satisfaction of confirming and guaranteeing to a large class of grateful recipients a boon which is at present of but a temporary character, and of demonstrating a humane regard for the thousands whose weekly toil is now prolonged to Saturday midnight."

Nor have the ladies who met at Stafford House been the only persons of influence who have espoused the cause of those who are looking for benefit from the Saturday Half-holiday Movement. Some time ago Earl Grosvenor and Lord Elcho exerted themselves to further the movement, particularly as it would enable clerks employed in the various warehouses and shops in the metropolis to attend to their Saturday afternoon duties as volunteers. The poor milliners who stitch from eight in the morning till eight at night for 8s. per week, have much need of the special advocacy of the philanthropic. So helplessly dependent is their position, that with them such a thing as a strike is utterly impracticable. Almost every other class of labour is now enabled, by means of trades' associations, to obtain its fair remuneration; but the helpless workgirl is still stitching on, earning a sum obviously insufficient to defray the expenses of food, clothes, and shelter. To these girls

especially will the Saturday Half-holiday prove a great relief; and for their sakes we trust the ladies will not cease their endeavours until their good object is attained. We wish every success to this Association. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the ladies also for what they have already done; too much support cannot be given by the public to their exertions. Confident as we are that their efforts will ultimately be crowned with success, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that they may be also inclined to turn their attention to the condition of the work-girls of the metropolis, and find there a wide field for true, earnest, goodhearted philanthropy. In the mean time we trust all the ladies of London will add their names to the list of those who are determined not to shop on Saturday afternoon; and we would suggest that for the future the Association's reminder, instead of running, "Ladies, do not shop after two on Saturdays," should be worded, "Ladies, why do you shop after two on Saturdays?" for this interrogatory cannot possibly admit of any sufficient answer.

### STATE PRAYERS.

WE are not among the number of those who find a malicious pleasure in criticising the general style and particular details of the forms of prayer which it is the inevitable task of the Archbishop or his chaplains from time to time to compose. They are not always very successful productions, we are quite willing to acknowledge; the making of prayers may be regarded as one of the extinct or moribund faculties of the human mind, which, by the way, may inspire us with a strong sense of thankfulness that an admirable, if not faultless, Liturgy causes us to be very seldom exposed to failures in this sacred branch of literary composition. We do not, however, propose to investigate the causes of this decline, though it might form an interesting subject of inquiry why the extraordinary abilities displayed in this direction by men like Chrysostom and Gregory, Cranmer and Ridley, should have degenerated into the tame, spiritless, long-winded "addresses," the only form which is usually taken by the State prayers and services of the nineteenth century. We intend rather to make a few remarks in answer to the philosophical opponents of all such special prayers, who seldom on these occasions suppress their taunts or murmurs at the practice of overburdening our Church services with such questionable and unprofitable, if not actually immoral additions, as they conceive petitions to the Almighty against cattle plagues and cholera to be. We are not for a moment surprised to hear such objections; we can conceive even a certain amount of good being derived from them, if only they are put forward in seriousness, and not in scoffing, by their champions, and if they are answered with temper and good faith by the partizans of religion. Thinkers of our time need not be afraid of expressing difficulties that were felt by Leibnitz and Malebranche; orthodox controversialists now would do well to imitate the calm impartiality and clear, sober reasoning of such writers as Cudworth, Butler, and Paley.

On what, then, do the objections of the philosopher rest? "God," he says, "works by immutable laws, and wars, famines, pestilences, and the like arise from their several causes in the natural order of things, according to those laws. Prayer is asking the Almighty to interrupt, for the benefit of a single individual, country, or continent, the laws imposed on the universe for the good of all. What more ignorant, more useless, more presumptuous than such a practice." Now it is not our purpose to put forward in reply such arguments of a more strictly religious sort as may be drawn from the duty of prayer enjoined in Revelation, or even from the acknowledged instinctive impulse of the heart to vent its desires in petition to its Creator. We might be told that we were begging the whole question, or replying to a statement of Reason by the hypothesis of an ignorant instinct. But it may fairly be asked of our opponent, if he is quite sure that God's nature is completely and adequately expressed in the conception of Him as a worker according to universal and necessary laws; why should not the idea of special interposition also form part of the notion of the deity? Of course it does so in the Bible; but, we ask, why should it not also be the case in the philosophical conception of Him? Even supposing it be true that in the material world all things do seem to move in a system of fixed and orderly recurrence, "in the mental world, which no less displays the manner of His operation, we are," as it has been rightly said, equally confronted by the presence of contingency and free-will, by marks of special action and influence. So that, after all, perhaps, the true idea of the

Creator should embrace quite as much the notion of "special interposition" as that of general "law;" in other words, we might reasonably imagine Him as one who can answer the occasional petition of an individual, as well as control the general movement of a universe. We have only a limited idea of either of these two modes of Divine action; we may, it seems to us, have a co-ordinate and not inconsistent idea of both. But let us grant for the moment that God's agency does work only by general and immutable laws-will this necessarily make prayer an absurdity? If we mistake not, Leibnitz, while maintaining that the Creator never acts by a particular will, still strongly upheld the duty and use of prayer. True, it may be argued, He acts by a general will, but then let us remember what is embraced by such a will. All causes and all effects are foreordained, evils and the prayers against them alike. God knows that such a creature in such a place, and under such an affliction, will seek of Him a help necessary to his weakness. As He had from the beginning prepared the affliction, so also was the prayer foreordained as the intended result, and the alleviation that in its fixed time follows the prayer. According to this view, the cessation of any evil after prayer offered to the Deity, does not imply that a sudden visitation having been sent by a special act of will on the part of God has been, after a certain period, removed through His hearing, at that particular time, the petitions offered by His creatures, but that the evil, the prayers, and the alleviation, were alike known and ordained from eternity, and that all and each have come about accordingly in the fixed and natural development of events in the universe. We do not mean to express our concurrence or sympathy with this view of the divine working, which, among other things, makes prayer and its answer equally necessary, robbing, it would appear, the former of that spontaneity which gives it almost all its charm, but as an argumentum ad hominem, it seems to us to possess much force. The philosophers assert that prayer is inconsistent with the conception of a deity operating by fixed laws; the answer stated above maintains, that so far from being inconsistent with such a conception, it is part of it; if droughts and pestilences follow the causes assigned to them from all eternity by the creator, so the prayers, to which all men in all ages of all countries betake themselves when influenced by such evils, are part of those fixed arrangements likewise. If it be said that prayers often do not receive their fulfilment, all that need be said on this hypothesis is that the creator foreknew and foreordained what prayers deserved fulfilment and what did not, and that the course of the universe was arranged accordingly. But once more conceding to the philosopher, that one aspect of prayer is only the selfish request that a miracle may be worked for our benefit, we still may maintain that prayer, under special afflictions, involves no absurdity, but is a great instrument of moral discipline to the human mind. " Resignation" was pronounced by Bishop Butler to be the whole of piety; and one view of prayer, and that by no means the lowest, is to regard it as at once the expression and the cultivation of this particular virtue. Now, the philosophical conception of God as working according to fixed and immutable laws, appears to us, so far from militating against this aspect of prayer, actually to enforce it as a duty. The more universal and grand and eternal the laws are, so much the more does it behove the creatures who live under them to acknowledge and resign themselves to their supreme legislator. The selfishness which the philosophers so loudly condemn in ordinary petitions to the Almighty at once disappears on this conception of the practice; and a noble unselfishness takes its place. The Creator is no more asked to change the laws which he has ordained, but to receive the homage which his creatures, even while smarting under their results, accord to them. No man of science in our day has a profounder conviction of a fixed order of events than Marcus Antoninus had; and yet it would be difficult for any modern theologian to urge the duty of making prayer to the Deity in stronger terms or with greater frequency than that spiritual-minded Emperor in the "Memories" he has left to posterity. Even if science could succeed in overthrowing the prayer of expectation, yet what may be termed the prayer of resignation would still remain beyond the reach of the sceptic's doubt, or the scoffer's sneer. Prayer, far from perishing when it is disentangled from all particular and self-regarding solicitation, is raised and transformed. It becomes the profound recognition of a sovereign will, wiser and stronger than our own; it expresses the loyal submission with which man, feeling his weakness and helplessness in the midst of the great forces of nature, throws himself in trust on the designs of a beneficent Creator. Thus, to say the least of it, it must be regarded as an important moral engine. If it cannot alter the Almighty's will, it can elevate

and improve man's heart; if it cannot avert a famine or a pestilence, it can at least produce patience and resignation under the calamity; if, in short, it does not affect the laws of nature, it operates healthily on the moral constitution. The philosopher may refuse to pray against the cholera as a man of science, he cannot so easily show reasons for declining to submit himself in resignation as a dependent creature to the Omnipotent Author of the laws which he professes so ardently to venerate and admire.

In these few remarks, we are conscious of having put the question on the lowest ground. The religious and ecclesiastical aspect of the duty treated of above we have for obvious reasons kept out of sight; it is from the metaphysical. point of view alone that we have undertaken to contemplate the problem. We are often assured by writers of the Positive school that, within a few years, prayers against cholera or for rain will be treated as obsolete absurdities of the "theological epoch;" and on every occasion like the present, when such particular prayers are ordered or composed, they take the opportunity in some periodical or journal of inciting general readers to the adoption of a more scientific spirit in their devotions. Now, we do not say that every clause in these "special forms" is usually perfect, either in thought, feeling, or expression. We are quite aware that the tone of belief on which they are based is diametrically opposed to the genius of Mr. Buckle's or M. Comte's philosophy. But we do maintain, on the grounds roughly sketched in the foregoing observations, that prayers of this nature are not inconsistent with a belief in general laws,-that they are the divinely-appointed means of communication between Him who made those laws and the suffering, struggling creatures who live under them, and that neither philosophers nor any order of moral beings can sacrifice such prayers without losing at the same time the most effective instruments of elevating the imagination, purifying the feelings, and fortifying the will.

### DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR IN PARIS.

Among the chief claims of the Emperor for the support of the people of France are his active sympathy for the labouring classes, and his consistent, energetic efforts to promote their welfare, moral and material. His earliest move in this direction was to imitate the example of the late illustrious and revered Prince Consort in improving the condition of their dwellings-making them larger, more comfortable, cheaper, and less unhealthy, therefore more conducive to the prolongation of life, the suppression of vice and the promotion of cleanliness. In the days of his presidency he founded cités ouvrières, the first being built by an English firm. The example was followed in other quarters of Paris; but from some cause or other-perhaps the suspicion of the workmen, their jealousy of all official interference in the privacy of their homes, and the military discipline enforced, together with the tyranny of Government overseers, not to be propitiated by the offerings of étrennes, and les buches déportiers-the scheme has not been more successful than here. In the provinces its fate has been different, especially at Mulhausen. There a company was formed nine years ago which, in a short time had erected 428 houses, not including those let as furnished lodgings. Of this number 320 had been sold for £10,905, paid in instalments, which the founders thus recovered out of their original outlay of £33,703, besides The houses not sold were £5,200 for interest and expenses. The houses not sold were let at profitable rentals. The rebuilding of Paris has been the great architectural feature of the Second Empire. But it has been accompanied by drawbacks. The working population has been displaced and driven to lodge, remote from their work, in districts that, until lately, were beyond the city The dwellings were often miserable, unfit for human beings to inhabit, and disgraceful to modern civilization. Whoever has chanced to wander from the Barrier St. Denis to Clechy la Garcune, near the crossing over the Girdle Railway, will have noticed with surprise and disgust a rapidly increasing group of hovels presenting in the midst of their abject misery, eminently grotesque features. The houses are built on soil itself, without any attempt at drainage. The materials consist mainly of lumps of plaster of Paris, broken stones and bricks, lumps of cartings or fillings up, bound with mud made of vegetable earth. The foundations are not deeper than furrows traced by a plough. Fœcal matters and refuse find their way into the unpaved streets, where they are churned up in the vegetable soil into pasty mud. The walls held together by this stuff soon exhibit symptoms of decay; damp is seen creeping up them, save when under the hot sun they exhale reeking vapours and villanous compounds of all the vile smells imaginable. Some of the hovels are unique. Here and there they may be roofed with cuttings of American leather cloth produced in the manufacture of circular table-covers. The city of the Chiffonniers, near the Rue des Bonshommes, used to be stronger, dangerous, filthier, more repulsive, from the characters and habits of its denizens, but less picturesque. Of course, the admirers of modern Paris point in ecstacies to the new boulevarts, whose magnificence none deny, but pass unnoticed localities to which Agar Town, in its worst days, could afford no parallel. In the "Annual Mémoire," by M. le Baron Haussman-when the question was agitated, and journalists made bitter pleasantries on the cages à poulets, as they termed the low apartments which replaced the lofty, spacious ones, samples of which may still be seen in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and in some of the streets, like the Rue des Deuxportes et Sauveur, in the vicinity of the Halles Centrales-it was stated that almost in the first seven years of the Empire, from 1852 to the end of 1858, there had been wholly or partially demolished 3,625 houses, and rebuilt 8,187. The houses demolished contained 21,309 separate lodgings, those rebuilt 49,634; thus showing a probable increase in the number of lodgings, or a positive gain of 28,325 new lodgings. But M. Haussman omitted one most important element in his calculations, namely, the increase of population, which vastly exceeded all proportion to the augmentation of lodgings. For while of these last there had been an addition of 28,325, the quinquennial census-1851-1856-showed that, in five out of the seven quoted by the noble Prefect of the Seine, there had been an addition of 121,184 individuals to the permanent population, besides the enormous addition to the floating population. Now, it is a well-known physical and medical fact that Parisian families are not numerous. Such a thing as a Parisian of the third generation is a rarity indeed, almost a lusus naturæ. Considering how many families are unblessed with children, how rarely "prudent" marriages allow the number of their offspring to exceed two, how common is infanticide among all classes, particularly among the haute volée and the bourgeosie, from pecuniary motives, and how great the number of spinsters and bachelors from prudential considerations, we shall fall quite within the mark if we assume the addition of 121,184 to the population to represent an augmentation of a certain number of families composed of four individuals; but three would be much nearer the mark, for the population of Paris is recruited chiefly by immigrants from the provinces, and not from natural increase by the number of births exceeding the number of deaths. Consequently it follows, that while in five years more than 30,000 new families or separate households were established, the number of new apartments was no more than 28,324. What became of the 2,000 families for whom no apartments were provided? Evidently they must have been crowded into apartments already fully occupied by preceding immigrants, especially since we are told that one fifty-sixth of the total number of dwellings in Paris were vacant. But this is not all. The true state of the case is far worse. We have instituted comparisons between five years' increase of population and seven years' increase of dwellings, in order to follow M. Hausmann's arguments all the more closely. But the comparison, to be truthful, should be between seven years' increase of population and seven years' augmentation in the number of lodgings. If the necessary calculations be made, it will be found that the increase of population was 189,819. Whence it follows, after the data given and assumed above, that 19,136 families had to be crowded into occupied apartments or to be homeless; there was no other alternative; for the number of additional families would be 47,454, while the additional number of apartments would be no more than 28,328.

We have entered at length into the consideration of the aspect presented by this view of the reconstruction of Paris. Urbs renovata, as M. Haussmann delights to call ancient Silecia, because superficial observers and would-be reformers on this side of the Channel are clamorous that we should follow the example of Paris, and because the ill-considered and reckless manner in which railways have intruded intra muros threatens to introduce a state of things analagous to that which prevails in the capital of our neighbours.

After the comparative failure of Government and Paris municipal enterprise to establish cités ouvrières, it was reserved to a private individual to achieve real success instead of a breakdown, or at most a succès d'estime.

Behind what used to be called the Canal St. Martin is an extensive, but very sparsely-populated district. It consisted of a few industrial establishments, market gardens, conventual habitations, and wretched dwellings. The canal cut it off from

the rest of Paris almost as effectually as if it lay on the other side of the Pyrenees, for to cross the steep or narrow footbridge was attended with danger. The neighbourhood was studded with maisons bornes. Tapis verts abounded in the adjacent streets. Assommeurs lurked at the corners on watch for wayfarers. The unfortunate passer by received a blow on the head, his pockets were speedily rifled, his body tossed into the canal to be fished out in a day or two and carried to the morgue. Dead men told no tales, and his assassins were free to recommence their murderous practices without remorse and without dread of detection. Three years ago the municipality commenced to rebuild the bottom and sides of the canalfor its waters percolated into the adjoining houses-and to transform it into a tunnel, laying out the top surface as an ornamental boulevart, with fountains, statues, trees, and seats. In the quarter of the town lying beyond the canal, termed in Paris désherité, on the locality lying behind the Chateau d'Eau, above the canal, between the Rue St. Maur, the Rue de la Chopinette, and the Rue de Brusso-Saint-Louis, that is to say, about five minutes' walk from the market of the Boulevart du Temple, M. le Comte Adolph de Madre has erected a series of workmen's dwellings-eighty-eight houses, containing 4,000 separate apartments. The area of the site is 35,600 square metres. The houses are of three and four stories, with outbuildings and workshops, insected by passages 200 metres in length, and presenting a façade of 1,981 metres. Every 30 metres is a gas-lamp. The capital returns a net interest of 61 per cent. The price paid was £4 the hundred metres, and the average rent was £4 annually the room. The rent of the dearest apartments, consisting of three rooms and a kitchen, was £10. 8s. 4d. Most of them, consisting of two rooms and a kitchen, are let for £8.8s.4d. We subjoin the details of expenditure and receipts supplied by the courtesy of the Comte de Madre: - House built on a plot of 216 square metres, with a façade of 131 metres, including an area built on of 121.6 square metres, with an interior courtyard of 94.5 square

Land, at £4 the square metre £86	4	0	0
Construction, at £10. 3s. 31d. the metre	4	4	2
	26	3	4
	0	0	0
£2,14	4	7	6
RECEIPTS.			
Rent—ground floor, 15f. the metre £5	6	0	0
Three floors, at 9f. the metre and per floor	-	8	4
Gross income £17	0	8	4
EXPENDITURE.			
Taxes £7 0 0			
Insurance 0 2 6			
Gas 1 12 6			
Water 4 0 0			
Emptying night soil 2 8 4			
Repairs and losses 12 0 0			
Porter 4 0 0			
3	1	3	4
Net profits£13	9	5	0

Equal to 61 per cent. upon the capital invested.

### OUR SOCIAL APES.

DICTIONARY authority defines a "mimic" to be a ludicrous or servile imitator of other men. In mimicry, according to this definition, we find the exercise of a disposition which seeks to ridicule a fellow-creature, or imitate him in a slavish, cringing spirit. It may be very funny, but it is very wicked to caricature mental failing or physical imperfection; it is simply the folly of a degraded mind. A parrot which talks well for a parrot amuses, because, in the exercise of its mimicry, we listen to the language which can convey meaning to ourselves, issuing from a beak, not from lips-from a creature of no human sense, who yet has caught the use of terms used to give effect to the action of human reason. The very amusing fellow who can give to perfection the halting gait of a lame friend, or twist his countenance into the likeness of an ugly friend, degrades himself, although he may make us laugh. He holds up the mirror of his own senseless vanity to display the weakness or misfortune of a fellow-creature. He becomes a betraying mirror, giving from its surface not a reflection, but a wilful exaggeration. The parrot pleases because it is insensible to the nature of the amusement it affords; the human mimic disgusts, or should do so, because he gains a laugh at the expense of the misfortunes of another being, in much like to himself, very often in much his superior. It is a thing to be thankful for that society in these days sets no great store on buffoons.

We fear we must admit that the servile imitation of our fellow-creatures, not to bring them into contempt, but to gain their favour, or to try and invest ourselves with more or less of their higher position, so far from being on the decrease, is for ever on the increase. We don't know who invented the word "flunkeyism,"-it is very expressive: it serves the purpose of conveying to us a peculiar but not a new phase of character. Respect for rank per se is socially and politically wholesome. Rank worship is politically noxious, socially contemptible. We can quite understand a Scotch popular preacher, feeling elated in the pulpit, when he saw amongst his congregation a nobleman who, at the time, was at the head of the Government; if by any fortunate chance the said great man dropped a word of approval of the sermon, however commonplace, and it came to the ears of the divine, it is but human that he should be pleased. It is possible to believe the story of another popular preacher, who in triumph told a club friend that amongst his yesterday's congregation he had a certain wellknown man of the town, of the town most townish; the reply was, "The devil you had." We are inclined to believe that the clubman gave the churchman a lesson, accidentally, which for ever after made him cautious in the matter of picking out the plums of his audience, as so much matter for self-congratulation. We have no manner of doubt but that the chief amongst the Lovelaces of the day might have sat under him for a long time before he flattered himself that he had won him to his fold-weaned him from the world. He, in all probability, came to the conclusion that it was no proof that eloquence makes a convert, when a man of the world is content to seek pleasure to the ear from it in a church.

Flunkeyism has a fair field, and a very extensive one, in ordinary workaday social life. The great "rest day" offers to large classes of our fellow-creatures great opportunity for mimicry of the manners and habits of the classes above them. In all parks, in all rides or drives, at all places of amusement, from the Opera to Rosherville, there is abundance of theatrical space for the comparative harmless mimicry by class of class. The very wealthy, the highest in rank, are content to mimic the costume and not a little of the outward bearing of the Parisian Aspasiæ. The middle classes, the less wealthy, the people of no "rank," take from those to whom they look up what has been taken first from those with whom they would not associate. This kind of self-flattery, the result of a kind of faith in the power of dress—a belief that we draw importance to ourselves by mimicking those above us in their outward appearance, and, as far as we can, in a harmless caricature of their manners—has its evil, but it might be a means to a certain good end. It makes mankind slavish to example; were the example good, it would tend to good rather than to evil. The servile imitation of those who are in a higher rank of life is as injurious to them as to ourselves. The world ever offers but too much temptation to people of every class to look with contempt on those beneath them. It is in our common nature to be amenable to flattery; to know that we lead in any matter, however trivial, is a species of homage very grateful. It is an overt acknowledgment that the class which apes us admits its inferiority; it is not a question of flattery of our better taste, but an indication of the power of that social law by which the higher bred influence those of lower breeding. It may be very true that we feel ourselves compelled to slavishly follow those above us; but there is a consolation in the fact that we have inferiors to follow us. The groom of the chambers is sometimes a man of higher bearing than his noble employer. He must occasionally feel his compulsive servility a degradation. A menial in the reception-rooms, he is great and commanding, exclusive and exacting, down-stairs. He is envied in much that he does; aped from the valets down to the green-baized cleaners of plate. A great deal of this comes from a belief in fashion as a despotic power. All tyrannical as this despot is, we think it would be wise to question how far we are justified in yielding heart and soul to its power. To be singular may be offensive to others and martyrdom to our daily peace; but if our singularity is on the side of right, unless sin multiplied is to become the arbiter of what is right, it is hard to see our social way in life. Because one gifted enough to discourse in all the charms of poetry furnishes the foulest obscenity, clothed in language but too attractive, and chooses to prove in one volume that the same poet's pen can give a litany in language full of the sublimity of holy aspiration and with it, with scarce less power, that which would have shocked the ears of those from whom a Lot fledshall others be found with equal or less power to do the same, till the whole fraternity of poets, doing as "others" do, shall make poetry a means not to elevate and teach, but to degrade and pervert? Because certain ladies of high degree have chosen to "club" together to reproduce, for their pleasure and the scandal and offence of every true English lady, the silly outrages on all decency of the lowest "salons" of Paris-is their example to be followed until a school of indecency is established so powerful as to taint wider fields, and thus the following "others" be the excuse for the morals of "The Jolly Dogs" and "The Scufflers" becoming a common social sore? Because certain weak and yet cunning enthusiasts in the English Reformed Priesthood choose to dress themselves up in strange garments and become preachers of strange doctrines, exacting within the Reformed Church outward and inward reverence for much she plainly rejects as that which at the Reformation she thew off as false—is the unholy leaven of the hypocrisy which pleads for liberty, whilst it binds in the chains of superstition, to so pervade the whole body of clergymen that not to be singular will soon be to be false? In our opinion, the time has come for us all to ponder well what of true principle we do surrender or are yet disposed to surrender to this social servility. It is becoming year after year a greater public and domestic curse. We would urge on those who are set on high their responsibility in the matter. They know the power they can exercise for good or for evil. It is well that they should remember that history teaches the lesson—the nation is blessed which, looking up to its highest folk, sees there its best folk; that the nation depraved at the summit leans over to its fall; that with that fall, and the day of that revolution, which precedes its restoration, a heavy vengeance has ever overtaken the classes, who, having power to rule the multitude aright, have betrayed it, and by their own evil example made the servility which followed them a source of national depravation.

### COOK'S VOYAGES.

When the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" adopted for his hero's name that of one of the most widely spread families in the world, he was at pains to show in his first chapter with how noble a connection he thereby endowed his Rugby boy. There had been, he might have shown, Bruns and Brouns, and Brownes and Browns, in high places and low, from the earliest dawn of Anglo-Norman history, though he preferred to make mention of the lower places only. Le Brun, the great Earl of Oxford, and Le Brun first painter to the grand monarque; Bronne the religiously medical and hundreds more of his name; Bronn the Bronnist, and the irrepressible universal Brown. So, too, there have been many Cokes, Cookes, and Cooks, though not so many as the Browns and their congeners. For centuries there has been a Coke upon Littleton, painful position for poor Littleton; there has been Cooke the father of Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, Lady Russell, and Lady Killigrew, and Cooke the composer of "Hark! the lark," and the "Merry, merry month of May;" finally, there has been Cook the navigator. It is, however, to none of these that the special Cook whose name is written at the head of this article belongs. That Cook is a greater benefactor of mankind than any of his name that have gone before. He is

Excursion Cook, Cook of Leicester. Tourists may be divided and subdivided into an infinity of classes, but, roughly speaking, they will fall under three distinct heads. First, those who are of so independent a character that the idea of anything like a trammel or an obligation is to the last degree offensive to them, who would rather spend any sum. of money than be bound to return from a given place by a fixed route, and who would be quite certain, if they were so bound, to find that in the whole course of their lives nothing had ever been so inconvenient for them. Put them down at Interlaken with a return ticket for London, viâ Neufchâtel and Dijon, and they will be quite sure to say that they would rather forfeit the whole fare than miss Bâle and Mulhouse, and what do they care for the Val de Travers! Land them at the north end of the Caledonian canal, with a circular ticket, and they will infallibly decide that the route by which they have come is so beautiful they must return by it, if only it were not for this miserable clog of a ticket. It has been a lesson to them, they will say, and never again will they be so foolish as to tie their hands before they leave London, when they cannot possibly know what desires the scene of their travels may develop en route. Such persons are a source of income to railway companies, but they do little for Mr. Cook. They pay single fares, first-class express, throughout their tours, excepting

on the one occasion that has for ever confirmed them in their objections to being tied. And who shall assert that they have not a good deal to say for themselves? There is no doubt that the managers of British railways do contrive to make their return tickets a bondage. They let you do a certain definite thing, to the entire exclusion of all that it might be pleasant to do. They seem to trade on the desires of human nature, and speciously offer you something cheap which will not meet your wishes, knowing that a large number of travellers will be driven to purchase at a much higher rate that which will enable them to carry out more fully their intentions. Foreign railways are much more obliging. Their tickets allow the holder in very many cases to stop where he will on the way, being more comprehensive and elastic than those issued by English companies. Still, it is true, that of late years, things have improved with us, and much of that improvement is due to the pushing of the tourist spirit which has been done by Mr. Cook. It has been to his interest to excite this spirit, and he has shown the companies that it is to their interest to meet it in as liberal a manner as a railway board is capable of. On the Continent, also, his exertions have met with a decided response, and from the southern point of Italy to the furthest islands of North Britain, he has stirred up the officials who manage or mismanage the coach and steamer and railroad passenger traffic. There are regions, indeed, too dark to be enlightened for the present. His great namesake, Captain Cook, opened up many islands, and was on civil terms with a large number of savages; but there were islands and savages that were too much for him. So it is in this generation, witness the following extract from Cook's Excursionist: -- "From Oban, the great steamboat trip to Staffa and Iona may be made on any Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the season. We are sorry to say it is not in our power to cheapen that trip, or to provide tickets for it." Here, it seems, diplomacy has failed. The Oban Company is certain of finding an abundance of visitors to Staffa and Iona at present prices, and no one, at any rate not Mr. Cook, shall induce them to count larger gross returns by contenting themselves with smaller individual profits. Mr. Cook's blandishments and prophecies have not been received with raptures. A similar want of appreciation of his kindness is displayed by nine out of ten of the Scotch hotels to which he has made communications by post, proposing to advertise them in his directory. He printed a circular (vide supplement to Cook's Excursionist, August 13), and sent it to a great number of hotels, both in the Lowlands and in the Highlands, but not one in ten responded to his application, though he offered to insert the addresses of their houses on most liberal terms. "Were it not," Mr. Cook rather darkly observes, in commenting on this wickedness, were it not for the convenience of travellers, there is nothing to induce us to notice any of those who thus trifled with an opportunity of advancing their own interests."

A second class of tourists is composed of those who are willing to pocket a certain amount of independence for the sake of being able to do at less cost what otherwise they might, perhaps, not do at all. Persons of this class purchase in London a green book with many leaves, which sends them to Switzerland one way and brings them back another, at a reduction of twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. on the full single fares. There are at least four ordinary ways of reaching Switzerland from England, counting that by Heidelberg and the Lake of Constance, and the purchaser must make up his mind at home by which of the three principal of these routes he will return. When he gets to his destination among the mountains he may wish to change his mind, but he is powerless to do so. If he has elected to return by Bâle he must give up all idea of mberieu or Pontarlier. This is the disadvantage against which the gain of solid money is to be weighed, and fickle and inconstant persons will do well to think the matter over before they decide. It is true that Mr. Cook advertises another very serious advantage on the side of his book of coupons, viz., that the comfort of travelling with them surpasses in value the reduction of fares, so that the whole gain is represented by an allowance of from fifty to seventy per cent. on the ordinary expense of the locomotive portion of the tour. Possibly this latter item has been a trifle overstated, as is wont to be the case with ex-parte information, and it may not, after all, allow of being put down as a money equivalent of any magnitude whatever; but still it is, no doubt, a very comfortable thing to be freed from the necessity of getting tickets at each Swiss or French station, with the concomitant chance of being greatly done in the matter of change. The one thing needful is to keep the magical book out of the sight of bureau clerks, who have an incredible scorn and hatred for it and its holders, and have been known, in one case at least, to impound the book

and give the luckless and bewildered tourist only unlimited insolence in return. Sometimes the ticket collectors in the trains do not look with a favourable eye upon Mr. Cook's universal passports, as they have to search long and far before they find the exact coupon which it is necessary for them to abstract, and they turn with relief to the traveller who has paid his single fare and has his simple ticket to deliver. But an intelligent possessor will be able to guide the official finger to the right page of his book, and thus to turn the flank of the some-

what doubtful official temper.

The third and last class of tourists is one of which we should wish to speak with all tenderness, though compelled to withhold our sympathy from them. This class consists of those who have no soul for independence. They give themselves up mind and body to the guidance of a professional conductor, and the close company of haphazard men and women who may possibly have children belonging to them, or even babies. They join in an "excursion" to Inverness or Interlaken. There is no question they do it cheap, and if cheapness is everything to them they are right to go as they do, if go somehow or other they must. Many of them doubtless enjoy the whole affair amazingly. They pass through countries of whose language they cannot speak a word; countries which would be sealed books to them if they attempted a visit on their own resources—not that a sealed book means what it is supposed to mean. Their conductor does everything for them, pays their bills, talks to the natives, points out the best sights, and is in everyway most attentive and agreeable. They charter guides by the half-dozen, and mules by the score, and, in consideration of their numbers, dinners and various eatings are put in at a low figure in a good many Swiss hotels. It is understood that the holders of Mr. Cook's coupons also are treated with similar forbearance at the hotels patronized by him in his excursions, and, if the charges he publishes are to be taken as samples, this fact will raise the advantage of that method of travelling enormously, bringing it to a reduction of something like cent. per cent. on the fares. A bill of seventeen francs for two whole days and nights in a Paris hotel, wine at dinners excepted, is a bill worth paying, especially when a " cordial reception" is given into the bargain, and apparently not charged for. Twenty-five francs, no centimes, on the other hand, seems a very heavy demand for a single dinner at Lugern, and that place should by all means be avoided, unless, indeed, the printer meant 2fr. 50c., and Lugern has been made to do duty for an old friend, Le Lungern.

There is one feature in connection with Mr. Cook's foreign excursions which certainly deserves greater prominence than has so far been accorded to it, and points to at least one serious advantage in the "strait-waistcoat" arrangements of such a tour. "Sunday was spent," the historiographer is alluding to an excursion to Switzerland which took place last month, "Sunday was spent, as Sundays usually are in Paris, in visits to churches, observations on places of amusement, astonishment at the number of open shops and the incessant toils of the labouring classes, and grateful resort by the more seriously inclined to the various English services of the city. If only "observations on places of amusement" does not mean something rather faster than it seems to mean, it could be wished that all travelling English would put themselves under Mr. Cook's charge for their Sundays in Paris and elsewhere. But not even the enticements of Italy, "when the grapes and other autumnal fruits are in their perfection," nor the delights of a drive en masse from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, when "rain fell heavily, but the downfall only added to the interest of mountain cascades," nor the prospect of arriving exactly in time to " see the Queen of the Adriatic emancipated from the depressing yoke of Austrian domination," when "Venice will have a carnival of rejoicing such as she has never for ages realized," should beguile the man who values independence, and is competent to travel without a conductor, to join an "excursion" bodily. The managers of such expeditions do everything that can be done for the comfort and enjoyment of their companions, but the class whom these excursions to the Continent suit,

must, we imagine, be a peculiar one.

### GENTILITY.

It is the natural condition of languages, and especially of those languages which have survived the progress of modern civilization, that certain words and expressions included in their vocabulary should lose, as time goes on, their original weight and signification. We need only turn to the literature of a former age to assure ourselves that this is the case with our own tongue. The English Bible and Common Prayer-book,

each translated or compiled at a period popularly referred to for the purity and elegance of its diction, abound in instances which might be quoted, in support of this fact. To come down to a later period, it is impossible to take up a volume of the Spectator and peruse its pages without feeling that they are addressed to the reader, not only in a style which has become obsolete, but in words conveying a meaning which has long since ceased to attach to them. What should we think of a writer of our own time who, for instance, alluded to a man of intellect as a "wit"-praised his ability as one of "solid and shining parts,"-and as an evidence of his good breeding, added that he was much "beloved by the quality "? Yet these were expressions in common use a hundred and fifty years ago, and some of them lingered in ordinary conversation down to the close of the last century. Now, there is a certain social epithet, perhaps, of somewhat later adoption, which occurs in the novels of Smollett and Fielding, but which, though it has reached our own time bids fair to be banished from polite conversation. Whatever the word "genteel" may have signified when it was first imported from France-whatever it may have meant on the lips of our grandfathers—it is certain that in good society it is now regarded with a species of contempt which is more easily understood than defined. It is not difficult to perceive that this aversion may be referred to causes widely remote from the mere love of novelty in speech, and, indeed, quite independent of all etymological considerations. There is something inexpressibly mean in the very sound of the word "genteel." It suggests the idea of some one who, either being in humble circumstances, is making a painful effort to conceal the fact, or who, being well-to-do, is desirous of asserting his superiority to those beneath him in the social scale. Under each condition we recognise a snob. On one side is the "genteel youth," who, measuring ribbons six days in the week, dons his best clothes and assumes a grand air on Sundays. On the other we have the cad, who delights to measure his own habits of life with those of the class to which he once belonged, and call the difference "gentility." Perhaps the most fulsome use of the word consists in its application to articles of dress and furniture, or when it is introduced into house-agents' advertisements. There are old ladies now living who, we fear, may have called their bonnets and shawls "genteel" in early youth; and one constantly hears the word applied by shopmen to the pattern of a carpet or the design of a brooch. Then there are "genteel" cottages to let in the country, "situate in the immediate vicinity" of Lord Tomnoddy's park, and of course far removed from the dwellings of the poor and from everything which may remind the occupant of so unrefined a pursuit as rustic labour. It is impossible to help imagining that the "genteel" cottage is symmetrical in appearance, that its lawn, though small, is closely shaven, that the flower-beds are arranged with uniform precision, that the garden is surrounded by neat cast-iron railings of an approved Brummagem pattern, that there is a brass knocker on the door, and, in short, that there is an air of intense propriety (and consequent ugliness) about the whole place.

The moral baseness of gentility consists in the obvious comparison which the word sets up between class and class, while it refrains from expressing any tangible cause for such a difference. Nobility, good breeding, wealth, are all of them honest substantives, at which, wherever they may occur, no sensible man need take offence. There is a nobility of mind as well as of social rank. The humblest may be well bred for his or her station in life; and as for riches, they are not only continually changing hands, but are often so disposed that, speaking relatively, the rich man is poor for his station in life, while the so-called poor man has all that he wants. But gentility would institute a comparison for its own sake, and delight in it. It is a social translation of the Pharisee's moral boast that he was not as other men were, and it needs no close reasoning to show that the hypocrisy is equal in each case. We fear it is on British soil alone that this word ever reached the intense vulgarity of its modern signification. The French equivalent from which it was originally derived never has, and never could bear the same construction. Un bijou fort gentil—a very pretty (not a very genteel) jewel. Faire le gentil-to play the agreeable; not to act genteelly. Even when used ironically, it is still wide away from the force of the English adjective. The truth is that any epithet in which a sort of moral praise is blended with social distinction must always be a delicate and difficult one to use. Even the word "gentleman," of which we are so proud, because it is utterly untranslatable, and which in its highest sense conveys to our mind a thoroughly national characteristic, runs the risk of being vulgarized-often is vulgarized-by those who use it

carelessly or ignorantly. "I always considered the defendant a gentleman," answered the witness in a well-known legal anecdote, to the counsel who was cross-examining him-"he used to keep his gig." Absurdly as this may sound, it is not more irrational than the practice of calling Mr. So-and-so a "perfect gentleman," simply because he does not drop his H's, nor eat pease with his knife. We all know that a man may be what is called "very gentlemanly" in society, and quite the reverse behind the scenes. In the moral sense of the word, we shall find as many "gentlemen" among the educated labouring classes as among those who wear In its social sense, we can hardly use it broadcloth. freely without offending our inferiors. The title of a nobleman is materially defined; that of a gentleman is necessarily vague. We do not draw the line at the learned professions, nor at the vocation of art or literature, nor even at trade. There are retail merchants in London who would be reasonably annoyed at being addressed as Mr. instead of Esquire, by letter. Yet they have no more real right to the title of Esquire than the porter who takes down their shutters. Servants greet one's tailor as a gentleman if he comes to the door with a double knock. But if a duke arrived there on foot, and in a shabby hat, ten to one they would regard him with an eye of suspicion. It is easy to see, therefore, that the word Gentleman can only be intelligibly used by the class which it is popularly supposed to describe; and this is precisely the last class likely to use it. For as it is the first principle of English jurisprudence to assume every man to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, so by his own immediate circle of friends a gentleman is tacitly assumed to be a gentleman unless he gives evidence by his conduct that he is not one, Even then the difficulty is not over, for as individual opinions will differ on manners as well as on morals, who shall decide what constitutes a gravamen in the little social convocation whereby such matters are usually discussed? To be seen on the "knifeboard" of an omnibus smoking a short. clay is not exactly consistent with those notions of propriety which young gentlemen-of the Foreign Office, let us saywould be likely to entertain. And yet it is not easy to say why such a position and such an act must be condemned as snobbish. There are men of refined taste and of high intellectual culture, who are utterly indifferent to the conventional usages of society, and when such a disregard of custom does not actually interfere with the comfort of others, there seems small ground for censure. It is true that an habitual eccentricity, which takes a mean or lowly form in regard to dress and ordinary habits of life, is apt to give reasonable cause for offence. People who live in and by the world have certain social duties towards the community to which they belong, and should take care, if possible, not to fall below the average of appearances which they are expected to keep up. But then it must be remembered that there is an average, and that it may be exceeded in two directions. A professional man in middle-class life has no more right to walk about like a barber's block, and talk à la Dundreary, than his neighbour has to appear gloveless or with a shabby hat in Regent-street. If the latter scandalizes his friends, the first is likely to irritate them. There is as much vulgarity in dandyism as there is in shabbiness, and as a rule there is far less excuse for it. Let us take another instance. It is generally admitted by ladies that it is undesirable for them to walk in London alone, and those who can avoid it for obvious reasons make a point of doing so. But in small households, when a servant cannot always be spared to accompany her young mistress—or in the case of a daily governess, who has often to trudge over miles to her work without the possibility of such companionship-stern necessity leaves no choice in the matter, and a conventional sense of propriety is sacrificed to a far more important sense of duty.

In their short-sightedness, "genteel" people (for the class still exists, although it may not confess to the name) see no such exceptions to the broad rule of life which they have laid down for themselves and others. They have their notions of decorum, etiquette, good manners, and what not—notions which consist in doing not so much as they would be done by, but as Mrs. Grundy tells them.

### PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

To-day we celebrate the feast of St. Partridge. From the turnip-fields, the stubbles, the railway banks, and the fern-tufted hill-sides, the brown, plump birds are being flushed and shot into. To-day the Winkle from town on a visit to his

friend in the country, once more endangers the life of the gamekeeper, and sends his blundering charges to pepper the dogs, or into the ground five or six yards from where his gun literally goes off. The old hands for the last fortnight have been marking the coveys. They know the best beats and the surest finds, how to wear home and get sport on the route, and how to fence in their own game by those strategems of sport which make up no small part of the enjoyment. For the battue-butchers we have nothing to say. Their work is all blood and powder. Their is neither skill nor fun in it. Partridge shooting should not be taken gluttonously. Surrounding a field with a dozen guns, and then starting up, not coveys, but flocks, aiming point blank, and wounding nine birds for one killed outright, seems to us to be the most demoralized form which the institution of partridge shooting can assume. For is it not an institution? It surely is, quite as much as hunting, and its traditions should be preserved just as reverently. We do not slay foxes in hecatombs. Battue-shooters ought to adopt grape and canister. No true sportsman can read an account of their performances without disgust. To us the real thing is to go out alone, if possible, but if not, with one friend, have six or eight hundred acres to operate in, a pair of steady dogs accustomed to work together, three or four markers, and a fair number of coveys, sufficient to keep up the interest of the day. Starting very early is a mistake. The birds lie much better, and the scent is stronger, towards noon. Always shoot, if possible, over the dogs; more than half the pleasure is in seeing their movements. Watch them running down the wind, and then drawing up, fixed as stones. Get a little to the side, with the sun in your back. In nearly every case when a covey is flushed, the birds rise in a close body, and then diverge like a fan; but, going off straight as a well-thrown ball for a wicket, the old cock keeps his course, and we should recommend a special barrel for him. Any man who has the slightest pretensions to a repute as a shot ought to knock over a brace each time he has a fair chance at a covey of twelve or fourteen. Some persons are flurried with the whatter of the birds, but a golden rule is to make it a habit, under any and every circumstance of shooting, to bring the gun home to the shoulder. Misses are nearly always under-shots. Nervous or not, if a sportsman does this, and acquires the knack of doing it, his bag will be the heavier. Another hint we would suggest is to fire at the first bird seen, not to allow the attention to divert an instant from him until he is disposed of. The quicker this is done the better, and then make ready for the horse-shoed patriarch, who is pretty certain, as we before remarked, to keep in a direct line on a level with the shooter. The birds, after being first flushed, will, if the weather is calm, take long flights, but early in the season may be expected to drop within a circle of a quarter of a mile. The nature of the ground and the hour will be a help to discover them, even when they blink the markers. If there is any standing corn they are pretty sure to take refuge in it; but if there is not, and if they have been put up only once, you will see them drop in twos and threes into clumps or knots of grass, into furze brakes, or under hedge-rows. Wet lowlands with good cover are also favourite spots with them late in the day. If you notice them skimming the ground, watch for a peculiar glint of the wings, which invariably precedes the pitching. This you may even perceive when you have lost sight of the birds and are on the look out for where you think they are likely to drop. The young birds will take the shortest flights, and throw themselves more frequently under ditches than the old ones. Stand ten or fifteen yards from the hedge when the dog points. You will then be in a convenient position to catch the bird on the rise, before it has time to put the ditch between you and it: a partridge, no matter how inexperienced, possesses a great faith in hedges, and will pop over them in a most baffling fashion, unless our advice is brought to bear in arresting the manœuvre. Another surprise the sportsman should guard against is the birds running, and starting up behind him. The dogs will denote this if properly trained; but sometimes the best dogs will baulk you, and remain at a rigid point while the entire covey are quietly scrambling through a gap not six paces off. It is curious how the birds prefer a bare part of a ditch for stealing through, and how they will day after day select the same passage. With regard to dogs for partridge shooting, we think a pointer is to be preferred before a setter. A pointer will bear the September heat better, and if the ranges are not very large, if there are no moors or open land, will be quite equal to the work. Never be tempted to bring a half-trained animal. You know not when the raw, eager brute will run a muck right into the midst of the birds, gallop after them, and then come back and pant idiotically, half frightened and half ashamed, while you draw the penal whip from your pocket. We think it is cruelty

to spare the whip in such a case, and "down shot" should be determinedly insisted on. Don't be satisfied with the dog not running at shot, don't allow him even to crawl. Teach your dogs to work by signals, not by voice, and punish them whenever they break fence. In fact, unformed or ill-educated dogs are neither more nor less than unmitigated nuisances. They spoil sport and temper. Give your dogs little or no breakfast on the morning of shooting; but a pint of milk and a hard biscuit will do them no harm towards the middle of the day. Put yourself on light fare also. The modern system of luncheon on a shooting excursion is abominable. No man can enjoy wandering about the fields in a daze of Bass or Moet, with a tooral-looral joviality of aspect, and a strong inclination not only to give his gun to a boy to carry, but also to ask the boy to fire it off. If you go partridge shooting, patronize no flask but the powder flask. Coveys should be treated a little tenderly at first. The October shooting is brisker, and will test the sportsmen better, and even later again a good day may be got if the shooter is satisfied with modest bags in the commencement.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No one will rejoice that Mr. Beales has been deprived of his appointment as Revising Barrister. It is not a subject for rejoicing, for it is not in any way a triumph. It is simply, on the part of the Lord Chief Justice, an action of compliance with the decencies of society-a thing to be approved of and then forgotten with the occasion and the object. What is mainly noticeable with regard to it is the moderate tone, the patience, and the courtesy of the letter in which Sir Alexander tells Mr. Beales that he cannot renew his appointment—there is throughout the communication a temperateness which is of itself as great a reproach to Mr. Beales as his dismissal-even greater, if he could understand that a man may have decided political convictions without committing himself to the vulgar acts of the mob agitator. The Lord Chief Justice has not refused to reappoint Mr. Beales because he had any doubt about his rectitude, or the justice of his decisions, but he claims from all who are discharging judicial functions an abstinence from violent political partisanship as due to the reasonable prejudices of the public, who are suspicious above all things of the influence of political bias where the subject matter of a judgment involves considerations of a political character. For that reason, the judges of the land are expected to abstain from mixing in party strife, and the Lord Chief Justice holds that it applies with equal force to every form of the judicial office in which questions of a political nature can arise. It is easy to carp at this decision and to attribute it to Tory partisanship, but those who have the true interests of Reform at heart will beware how they confound it with Mr. Beales and his supporters. It would be folly to make a martyr of Mr. Beales, and we could not better show how unworthy he is to receive such a distinction than by referring to the propriety of his letter to the Lord Chief Justice and the impropriety with which, at Birmingham, he attempted to make political capital out of his dismissal. There was a want of candour in that attempt which Mr. Beales did not display there for the first time. He did not tell his hearers that it was the Lord Chief Justice, himself a Liberal, who had dismissed him from his office as revising barrister. If he even named him, he allowed his hearers to infer that it was to the opponents of Reform he was indebted for his martyrdom. We do not, however, expect much from Mr. Beales. The most respectable public fact that we know about him is his reply to the Lord Chief Justice; but that again is counterbalanced by his claptrap at the late meeting at Birmingham.

SIR H. STORKS may look back with just pride upon his short tenure of office as Governor of Jamaica. When he arrived in the island he found it a prey to the bitterest dissensions and the most virulent animosities of race and colour. The rebellion which had broken out a short time before had, indeed, been suppressed, but its suppression had been attended with barbarities that had not only left an indelible stain on the reputation of his predecessor, but had divided the population of the island into two hostile sections. By a happy mixture of firmness and conciliation, by the exercise of skill and tact in the art of government, by making men of all classes and of both races feel that he was thoroughly impartial, and would do strict justice between them—he gained for himself general confidence, while he restored to the island complete tranquillity.

Both he and Mr. Eyre received addresses on quitting the shores of Jamaica. Those presented to the latter gentleman were, however, only from a small portion of the ruling class, whose passions he had indulged, and whose prejudices he had fostered. Those presented to Sir H. Storks came from all classes,-from the poor negro peasant as well as from the white planter or magistrate,—and each bore complete testimony to the fact that under his rule all had felt secure in the equal protection of the law. On the other hand, Sir H. Storks was able to speak in the highest terms of the manner in which he had been received, and in which his efforts had been seconded. "From not one class or from one colour, but from all without distinction, I have met with support, good feeling, and a just appreciation of the difficulties in which I was placed." It is difficult to believe that Mr. Eyre would not have met with equal confidence had he displayed the same qualities which Sir H. Storks brought to bear on his administration. From first to last, however, Mr. Eyre seems to have been deficient in the power of commanding respect, and of conciliating support. It is true that he had peculiar difficulties to contend with in the existence of that wretched sham the Jamaica constitution. Still it is none the less true that he failed in many portions of his duties in which success depended solely on himself. During the greater part of his stay in the island, he was involved in miserable personal and party disputes. He allowed the administration of justice to fall into contempt for want of any effectual supervision of the magistrates; nor did he ever impress either black or white man with a sense of his being the common ruler and protector Rightly or wrongly, he was always regarded with a distrust as general as was the confidence reposed in Sir H. Storks, until the whites found it necessary to extol him to the skies as a cover for the enormities which they had committed and at which he had connived. It was Mr. Eyre's fate to make Jamaica a disgrace to England; it is Sir H. Storks's merit to have so far redeemed the blunders of his predecessor that he could, on leaving the island, speak of its future in terms of the strongest hope. It only remains to add that it was Mr. Eyre's misfortune to be invited to dinner by some very foolish people at Southampton; and that Sir H. Storks has, up to the present time, been so lucky as to escape that infliction.

THE insurrection in Candia proves to be of a very serious nature. The island—which is the Crete of the ancients, the supposed nursing-place of Jupiter, the seat of the worship of Cybele, the native land of Minos (the lawgiver whom Lycurgus copied), and the famous mother of a hundred cities, rich with the commerce of antiquity-belongs at the present day to Turkey, and is situated in the Mediterranean, between Greece and Egypt. It was from Egypt, in the early history of the world, that the island derived its civilization, and it handed on the gift to the mainland of Hellas. The Cretans-who, from originally bearing a very good character, came afterwards to be notorious for lying and many other vices—are to this day mainly Greeks in blood, and almost wholly Greeks in sentiment, and they have always chafed a great deal under the Ottoman yoke. In the Greek war of independence, they sided with their congeners on the continent, and for six years, from 1821 to 1827, heroically kept their enemies at bay; but at the later date they were compelled to submit. For some years afterwards, the island belonged to Egypt, but in 1840 it was restored to the immediate sway of the Sultan. At that time, certain guarantees were given by the Porte, to insure, as it was supposed, a reasonable amount of liberty to the people, who, as Christians for the most part, cannot have much ground of sympathy with the Turks. The promises then made, however, have never been fulfilled; and it was the recent attempt on the part of the Candiotes to represent their grievances to the Imperial Government, and to obtain redress, which led to the rising. The Porte refused to grant their requests, and even threatened to seize, and to despatch to Constantinople, the members of the commission charged with presenting the complaints of the people. In defence of these commissioners, 40,000 Christians are now in arms; and, though no blood has yet been shed, the temper of the Candiotes seems to be such that a collision is very likely to occur. Is not this a matter for European interposition? The Great Powers guaranteed the elementary rights of the islanders when, in 1827, they sanctioned the resumption of Turkish rule; but those rights would seem to have been persistently violated. It should not be forgotten that the treaty of 1856 empowers the co-signitaries to intervene in Turkey whenever the Christians are ill-treated. As a matter of justice, the island should belong to Greece (which is said to be in some measure mixed up with the

present movement); but, if that cannot be, the common liberties of the people should be saved from extinction by the arbitrary will of Turkish Pashas.

THOUGH still diminishing, the cholera yet lingers in the metropolis, especially in its favourite haunts about Bethnal Green and Whitechapel. The disease also shows itself in various parts of the provinces, and at Merthyr there has been a serious outbreak. In London, some of the sanitary inspectors are looking very properly after their duties, and on Tuesday the occupier of a house in Islington was fined forty shillings and costs for allowing the dwelling to be overcrowded, illdrained, and abominably dirty. A strange case, however, bearing on the conduct of the police in connection with cholera, came before the attention of Mr. Selfe, at Westminster. A woman died on Sunday, in Chelsea, from the prevailing epidemic; and on Tuesday morning an undertaker, appointed by the vestry in accordance with a recent Order in Council, went to the house to remove the body. He was resisted, and the vestry clerk accordingly sought the assistance of the police; but this was refused. It appears that the Commissioners of Police have ordered their subordinate officers not to interfere summarily in cholera cases. This is very singular, and not at all creditable. Evidence was given to show that the retention of the body above-ground was dangerous to the health of the neighbourhood; and, as Mr. Selfe, remarked, a pestilence might break out while these frivolous dissensions were going on. An order was made by the magistrate for the removal and burial of the body forthwith; but without the help of the police, how can it be carried out, if the friends of the deceased still resist? Somehow, in England, we generally destroy the best arrangements by some silly conflict of authority.

A NUMBER of Poles, 1,200, employed upon the Baïkal Lake works, appear to have been goaded into revolt; it is even said the lash was freely used, and contributed to render them desperate. They were joined by 3,000 Russian convicts, and the populace assisted the insurgents with arms and provisions. The Governor of Irkutsk sent a strong detachment consisting of four companies of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and six guns, against them, but the little army was drawn into a defile and almost cut to pieces. Reports arrive that the movement is now spreading in all directions, and that the Poles have taken up arms at Nertchinsk.

The Crown of Hanover received the interest of £600,000, which was invested in our public funds. Besides this, the King had a nominal revenue of 600,000 thalers and landed property conferred by the Constitution, and which his Majesty farmed out and made by rents 444,000 thalers. The Crown Prince was voted by the Chambers 4,500 thalers per annum. The tobacco trade gives employment to 3,536 persons. There are no less than 62,147 looms among the peasantry. We find, in the return from which we take these figures, that a "lottery" brought in to the Government 138,316 thalers.

THE Prussian generals engaged in the recent campaign were for the most part men whose military achievements can be detailed in very few words. The Crown Prince, in his thirtysixth year, had not had a chance of winning much fame up to the time when his father and his father's minister overbore his objections to the war with Austria, and forced him into the field. However events may turn in the future, the successes achieved by the young prince will never be forgotten by his people, though when we call him young it must be remembered that many of the greatest victories of great captains have been won at an earlier age. The masterly plan of the campaign in Bohemia has been attributed to the head of the Prussian staff, the Baron von Moltke, who is old enough to have counselled timid action, if all we have heard of late of the incapacity of generals over fifty-five or sixty years of age has much truth in it. The Baron is of Danish family, but entered the Prussian service more than forty years ago. He was soon put on the staff, and was sent, in company with the Baron Bincke-Oldendorf, to be present at the campaign between the Turks and Egyptians in Mehemet Ali's time, when he was a spectator of the battle of Nisib. General Steinmetz, from whose corps (the fifth army corps) the first bulletin of victory in Bohemia was issued, is an old hero of the war of independence in Napoleon's time. He received the iron cross when quite young, held a commission in the Düsseldorf Guard, and after the barricade struggles in Berlin led two battalions of the second foot regiment

into Slesvig, and took an active part in all the engagements there. He was afterwards appointed commander of the cadet academy in Berlin. General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, commander of the eighth army corps, is another hero of the War of Independence, but the fifty years that have since rolled over his head have abated nothing of his vigour; witness Munchengrätz, where he was the first to give and receive fire, and Gitschin. General Vogel von Falkenstein, commander of the seventh army corps, began his career in 1813, when he ran away from home to enlist in a rifle corps. His frame was so slight and delicate that he was scarcely thought capable of carrying his arms, but nevertheless he won his lieutenant's epaulettes within a year, and at the engagement of Montmirail was obliged to take command of his battalion, all his seniors having been put hors de combat. On this occasion he won the iron cross. He took a distinguished part in the barricade struggle of 1848, and in 1864 was appointed chief of Von Wrangel's staff.

M. Du Chaillu read a paper before the Association at Nottingham on the "Physical Geography and Tribes of Western Equatorial Africa." When M. Du Chaillu gets into Equatorial Africa, his foot is more or less on his native heath. According to his recent account, the place was rather dull-"there was neither lion, giraffe, nor rhinoceros." The natives were disagreeable-" their law was in the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This system was so rigidly carried out, that if you broke a man's arm accidentally you should submit your own for smashing to the local authorities. The Chief was only a chief on sufferance, as his people could take anything he had, not even excepting his wives. M. Du Chaillu sojourned here until on one occasion one of his men fired a gun and killed a man. Whereupon the whole tribe pursued M. Du Chaillu and his servants, and succeeded in wounding the distinguished traveller in the hand and side. The arrows were poisoned, but M. Du Chaillu has survived. We learn that the discussion which followed this paper was all in M. Du Chaillu's favour, and we should rather think it was. Nobody could contradict him, and after dishing up hairy dwarfs, cannibals, and other marvels, purely for the benefit of science, it would be base ingratitude on the part of the Association to question either the truth or utility of the narratives.

The election disclosures continue to show the interest taken in politics in some of our franchised towns. Bribery, like pocket-picking, has its own language, and we find "rooks" and "rabbits" at Reigate, as there were "lambs" at Nottingham, and "lame ducks" at Yarmouth. We trust that the reports of the Commissioners will be taken up by the House next session, and some provision made against a repetition of these disgraceful practices, which completely stultify the term "free representation."

A CERTAIN newspaper having found that in its advertisements it had spelt its title wrongly, clinched the matter by sticking to the error. So we presume it is with the Times and the Saturday Review, and other papers, in regard to the Count-soon to be Duke or Prince-von Bismarck. Those well-informed papers will leave out part of that illustrious name, and the future Prince figures as Bismark. But in all official documents, in the Almanac de Gotha, Almanac de Paris, and in every work of an official character, the name of the statesmen, with his title, is given thus: "Président du Conseil, Affaires Etrangères, et Ministre pour Lauenbourg, le Comte Othon de Bismarck-Schoenhausen, 23. Sepre. 1862." No doubt, in the Count's patent of nobility his name is also spelt with a c. Why deprive the poor fellow of one of his letters? Falconbridge, in "King John," is just as absolute with his servant: "For new made honour doth forget men's names;" so cries he, "if his name be John I'll call him Peter!" Certainly we need not complain of the French following the genius of their language and talking of Sir Peel (Le Sire Peel) if we exhibit a more awkward and blameable carelessness.

A BLIND Tyrtæus, a people's poet, has already celebrated the battle in Hyde Park, and his effusion, less erotic than Mr. Swinburne's, will not be recalled by his publisher—the poet's publisher, Eortey, successor to Catnach, of Monmouth-street, Seven-dials. But it must be confessed that Tyrtæus is rough, somewhat too much so. After declaring that great bodies were marching upon Hyde Park, "their feelings upon Reform to declare," the poet exhibits the Tory Ministry, whom he calls

the "Gov'ment coves," as unwilling to allow the meeting. He then introduces two celebrated characters, both of whom will at once be recognised:—

"So W— he sent for his friend Dicky M—, sir, Says he, 'My friend Dicky, you must bear the blame, sir, For the people to ask for their rights it's a shame, sir, So you must not let them meet in Hyde Park.'

"Then Dicky he lifted his head from his shoulders,
And said he to his blues, 'Get ready, brave soldiers,
The rolling pin you can use well I am told, sirs,
So onward, my boys, to Hyde Park.'"

It is a pity that "Beales, M.A.," was not also immortalized as the Ajax that directed the storm. The metonymy, by which "rolling-pin" is comically put for a much more formidable weapon, is admirably used, but the poet is somewhat careless in his rhymes. For instance, in the eyes of severe critics, this important passage, wherein the great result of Mr. Beales' (M.A.) impudence and Mr. Walpole's incompetence is described, is spoilt by a faulty rhyme—"stiff, sir," can hardly be said to rhyme with "bricks, sir":—

"To pull down the rails, they went in at quite stiff, sir,
The stones they gave way, the mortar and bricks, sir,
And they tore down the trees, just like walking-sticks, sir,
All in that row in Hyde Park."

We hope again to meet Tyrtæus celebrating the rugged leader Beales in verse equally rugged. The poet is worthy of the hero—and vice versâ.

THE Pall Mall Gazette has commenced a campaign against fine writing. Clodius is accusing his fellow libertines, and the Daily Telegraph is duly trounced for an assemblage of butter-and-parsley words which are enough to sicken any decent student of English. It must be confessed that the writer of this description of what certain tradesmen call a black job, deserves to have any amount of ridicule thrown on him:—

"Respect may follow with her homage to vanished worth, or Affection consecrate the bier with the wreath that recalls the purity of the stricken flower, and whispers of a happier future. In all this we can see the 'last enemy' stripped of his more repulsive adjuncts, and sorrow may thus be soothed into a calm that is almost holy. But, 'array the poor relics of that which once was vigorous manhood in the spotless winding-sheet, and scatter over them the flowers of spring.'"—

The "stricken flowers," the "spotless winding-sheet," how pathetic! Mr. Mould the undertaker must have wept over these touches. When Kate Nickleby is reading to Mrs. Wittiterly a new novel about "Alphonse, in peach-coloured bas de soie," the delicate lady stops her companion to meditate on the extreme sweetness of what she has read. We shall follow her example with our readers.

THE French illuminations in Rome at the Emperor's fête, the 15th ult., were very grand. The Imperial Eagle was seen extending his wings over two hemispheres, the old and new world. Mr. Biglow speaks of

"The star-spangled banner,
And his country's bird a lookin' on and singing out hosanner."

Has not the Imperial Eagle figured as a spread eagle a little too soon? Will he not very shortly have to remove his eaglet, the Emperor Maximilian, from his nest over the water? Brother Jonathan, at least, believes that his own bird is quite big enough to fill the nest, and is of opinion that the French and Austrians, and such-like, must ere long "make tracks."

Mr. Spurgeon has been improving the occasion of the cholera, and has printed a sermon ringing the changes on a verse of Scripture as the monks rung bells in the old times to drive away the demon. "The Gospel," he says, "has no quarrel with ventilation, and the doctrines of grace have no dispute with chloride of lime. We preach repentance and faith, but we do not denounce whitewash; and, as much as we advocate holiness, we always have a good word for cleanliness and sobriety." It would appear from the last portion of this paragraph that "we" were of opinion that there was a contrast between holiness and sobriety, else why boast of having a good word for the latter "much as we advocate" the former? However, the preacher was "standing upon his nativ' skulehouse," as Artemus Ward would say—otherwise the Metropolitan Tabernacle pulpit, where all Spurgeonese is accepted for gospel.

JOHN GEORGE WILLIAM BRYDGES, Esq., has, according to a Dublin paper, resigned the appointment of Joint-Registrar for the diocese of Armagh. The Christian names John George indicate, it is to be presumed, that Mr. Brydges was intended from his baptism to be a protégé, if he was not a kinsman, of the late John George Beresford, Primate of Ireland. Anyhow, Mr. Brydges was for more than twenty years Joint-Registrar of Armagh, and, indeed, might have held that post from his cradle for anything that appears to the contrary. He might have been a baby joint-registrar, as there were baby colonels and even baby military officers of the gentler sex in the good old times. The services of Mr. Brydges, the Joint-Registrar of Armagh, are thus described by his fellow Joint-Registrar:-"Mr. Brydges has never been in the office, or taken any part whatever in the discharge of the duty." This choice summary of an official career which lasted for nearly a quarter of a century may be seen by the curious in a blue-book purporting to give returns from the Irish Registrars, and issued from her Majesty's Stationery Office in 1865.

The papers are making as much as possible out of the battle of Lissa, and "Our Correspondent" in one instance tells the story of the Palestro as it will probably be told later by Alexandre Dumas. He breaks his account into paragraphs, and arranges a dialogue: "Captain,' said the lieutenant, 'it is in vain; the fire cannot be extinguished.' In that case,' returned Captain Cappellini, 'we must abandon the ship. Here are the Independenza and Governolo at hand. First put the wounded on board of them, and then let the rest of the crew go likewise.' 'And you, captain?' 'It is my duty to remain with my ship.'" Whereupon the lieutenant makes a speech—we have read something of the same style in the "Pilot"—and concludes by telling the crew the noble resolve of the captain. "On that arose a universal cry from the crew—'We will remain with him. Long live the captain!"

SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD and Captain Jervis afford some gossip in India, and a little surprise here at the conduct of a commander-in-chief towards an officer. Captain Jervis seems to have been a kind of major-domo to Sir William, and the latter conceived that the household accounts were not quite correct. He formed this view upon consultation with his butler, and having made up his mind (we suspect he was not embarrassed with the magnitude of that operation), he at once charged Captain Jervis with misappropriation of mutton, and with filching materials for a luncheon. The whole affair reads as mean and paltry as a police-court trial, where a servant is accused of stealing cold meat by a lodging-house keeper; but the serious imputations against Captain Jervis put the matter entirely above the mere circumstances of the case. Captain Jervis, who sensibly considered he might as well be court-martialled for a sheep as a lamb, has invited the strictest investigation. Sir William should lock his pantry in future, and keep his own grocer's book. The figure of a commanderin-chief, with a taste for cheese paring, and an eye to the candle-ends, is not one that Sir William would desire to see hung over a mess-table. The scandal is not yet fully exploded, so that we pronounce no opinion farther than that as far as it goes it is shabby in one respect, and indiscreet in another.

After an interval of nearly seventy years, the good people of Manchester have had the pleasure of seeing an execution for murder in their own town. They were naturally eager for the spectacle after so long an abstinence, and congregated in great numbers (nearly 40,000, it is said), shouting, screaming, hissing, and singing—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
England is a happy land.
We are all unity,
And Beelzebub defy,
And we'll join the hallelujah band!"

The sufferer was James Burrows, found guilty at the last assizes of the murder of an Irish labourer. It must not be supposed, however, that Manchester has had no murderers since 1798, the year of the last execution: in the meanwhile, all the criminals have been hanged at Kirkdale, near Liverpool.

MONT BLANC may become an object of horrible as well as sublime interest. The recent accident will probably form a subject for discussion in the Alpine Club, and we shall hear a great deal about guides, ropes, and alpenstöcks, with muscular opinions on the subject of national spirit, and counter saws on the waste of energy in foolish enterprises. Much can be said on both sides, and an accident does not make an argument—that can be said for the climbers. The worst of it is, that any way the logical truth lies, whenever a melancholy fact occurs England loses an Englishman with more than an ordinary Englishman's share of pluck, and supposing there is reason in Zermatt adventure, the loss is all the greater.

Baron Fitzgerald, of the Exchequer, has declined the office of Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He is a very high-minded and punctilious man, with a very acute sense of honour, and would have been a greater terror to the attorneys and receivers in the Rolls Court than even his predecessor. He is not, it is said, quite au fait at accounts and matters of detail, and therefore has refused the promotion offered him. The Attorney-General, Mr. John E. Walsh, objected, it is said, to waive his right to the office in favour of Baron Fitzgerald. If this be true, Lord Derby has not got rid of the dog-in-the-manger nuisance which was supposed to have vanished with Messrs. Whiteside and Napier.

Twelve women were shipped off in a French transport ship for the purpose of being married to convicts at Cayenne. Sixty others have been selected for a similar fate, and we are informed will thus facilitate the colonizing plans of the Government. The Temps inquires whether the women (who are also convicts) have consented to the arrangement. We do not think any of them would hesitate to prefer a sea voyage, a husband, and a grant of land, before celibacy and imprisonment. There is scarce room or necessity for sentiment in the business. We have heard that occasionally even in this country matrimonial alliances are conducted without consulting the feelings of the contracting parties.

### FINE ARTS.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

During the month of August—" the off season"—the dog-days of the drama—a variety of experiments are tried at the few theatres which remain open, that are seldom attempted at any other period. On Saturday last a coloured American tragedian, named Morgan Smith, appeared at the Olympic as Othello, and succeeded in showing that Mr. Ira Aldridge is not the only actor who can represent that character in a respectable fashion without the aid of lampblack. On Monday a new farce was produced at the Strand Theatre, called "Waiting for the Underground," written by Mr. L. H. F. du Terréaux,—a new author who is wonderfully like the old authors in dialogue and incident. The scene is laid at the Metropolitan Railway, and Spiers and Pond's refreshment-room is well advertised. On Wednesday Mr. J. L. Toole took his annual benefit, and revived the once-popular comedy of "Paul Pry." The piece belongs to the "palmy days of the drama," and is consequently very prosy, and Mr. Toole's Paul Pry is a reflection of the late Mr. Wright, with very little of his broad humour, and none of his vulgarity. After the comedy Mr. Toole appeared as a badgered old man in a wild, amusing farce, called "Keep your door locked," that would draw laughter from an anchorite. This farce, if original, is by Mr. Arthur Mathison, the well-known dramatic vocalist. On the same night Mr. J. L. Warner, a son of the late Mrs. Warner, appeared at Sadler's Wells in the character of Hamlet. A more hopeless, unpractical experiment could hardly have been attempted, and Mr. Warner will do well to shake himself free of Sadler's Wells and its traditions, and join some central company as a useful actor. The month of August has been distinguished by a revival of "Mother Goose" at Sadler's Wells, and though this pantomime was put upon the stage with every care by Mr. Cave, it was very tiresome: it wanted Grimaldi.

### SCIENCE.

The visits of epidemics appear governed by certain curious laws, which occasion their occurrence at approximatively regular intervals varying in period for each. The epidemics of modern times are plague, yellow fever, cholera, typhus, influenza, ague, and dysentery. These diseases exist as endemics in certain localities at all times, but every few years they increase in violence, overflow their normal boundaries, and spread into distant regions. Plague, which always exists in the delta of the Nile, becomes epidemic about every tenth year. Yellow fever endemic in America, between 48° north and 27° south latitude, becomes epidemic about every seventh

year. Cholera, which originated in India in the year 1817, and has ever since been endemic there, has occasionally become epidemic, and, overstepping its bounds, has three times spread round the globe in a westerly direction across Asia, Europe, and America, between 64° north and 21° degrees south latitude. Influenza, which is domiciled in Russia, and the northern part of Europe, sometimes becomes epidemic, passes southward, and infests the temperate and southern parts of the Continent with a very general and fatal form of disease. It was very severe in England in the year 1837. Ague, of common occurrence in the eastern parts of the country, occasionally overruns Great Britain in the epidemic form, but at long intervals. Its last appearance in this form was in 1827–8; the preceding one in 1781–2–3–4. Typhus, which is endemic between 44° and 60° north latitude in Europe, and between 32° and 48° in North America, every few years rages as an epidemic. Dysentery, which frequently occurs in hot climates, particularly in swampy ground, sometimes assumes the epidemic form, and it then becomes

contagious.

When Watt made his steam-engine regulate its own speed by means of its governor, it was considered a miracle of ingenuity; and though its defects have long been recognised, it has nevertheless, in default of a better, remained in all but universal use to the present day. Nothing can be more simple in its arrangement and mode of action than the governor of Watt. If we take a pair of compasses so loosely jointed as to move with perfect freedom, and impale a leaden bullet on the point of each leg, when suspended by the centre it is evident the force of gravity will cause the legs to collapse till the bullets touch. If we now suppose rotation imparted, it is evident centrifugal force will cause them to diverge from each other, rising to a greater or less height according to the velocity of rotation. Watt's steam-engine governor is simply a vertical spindle, from which two hinged and weighted levers depend, like the legs of a pair of compasses, and so arranged that their movement acts on the valve for the admission of steam, partially closing or diminishing the area of aperture as the balls rise, and increasing the opening as they fall. The increased supply of steam causes the engine to go faster, the spindle revolves quicker, and the increased centrifugal force causes the balls to diverge and rise. rise diminishes the supply of steam, and thus alternate fluctua-tions take place. The defect of this arrangement is that the adjustment is too coarse, and the range of fluctuation much too great for the equable motion desirable in many manufacturing processes. What is wanted is to narrow the limits of variation; in short, a governor with such increased delicacy of perception, and power of control, as to arrest alteration at its outset, and thus ensure much greater uniformity in the velocity of rotation. Such a regulator of motion adapted for use with the steamengine has long been a great practical desideratum in manufactures, to supply which many abortive attempts have been made. By a very simple modification of Watt's governor this desideratum has now been completely attained by M. Leon Foucault. By substituting flat metallic surfaces or vanes for the balls of the governor, the rapidly-increasing resistance of air as the velocity of a moving body is augmented (an increase progressing with the square of the velocity) is brought into play as a regulating agent, and the result is a governor, the rate of motion of which for all practical purposes may be pronounced absolutely uniform. Any increase in velocity is checked within the narrowest limits by the rapid augmentation of resistance which takes place from the joint influence of the increased length of the circuit travelled by the vanes as their divergence lengthens the diameter of this circuit), and the rapid increase of the ratio of resistance of the air consequent upon an increase of velocity.

The high rate of mortality amongst the French and other emigrants of Northern European descent in Algeria has had the effect of directing attention to the question of innate differences in the vitality of races, and the extent to which certain races, through some congenital organic and dynamic speciality, possess such exceptional vigour and power of vital resistance, as to bestow upon them the cosmopolitan privilege of acclimatization upon every spot on the globe on which they may choose to settle. Contrary to what might have been expected, it is a well-known fact that of all the contingents of the grand army of Napoleon, the natives of Southern Europe, and notably the Corsicans, best supported the rigour of the Russian campaign. And this inherent elasticity of the functions which bestows such peculiar artitudes and immunities. which bestows such peculiar aptitudes and immunities, are we to look upon it as the inheritance of races whose native clime is characterized by great meteorological vicissitudes, by great extremes of heat and cold? Palestine is said to be such a climate, and the Jewish race the most privileged in existence in respect to its powers of acclimatization. Throughout Europe (with the exception of Norway and Spain, from which he is excluded), throughout Asia, the Jew flourishes as if at home. Even in Africa he exhibits no inferiority to the native in constitutional vigour. Morocco numbers 340,000, Algiers 80,000, and a considerable portion of Jewish blood exists in Abyssinia, the mountains of the Atlas, and even as far south as Timbuctoo. Dr. Neufville, of Frankfort, states the average duration of life of the Jews of that city to be 48 years 9 months, that of the rest of the population 36 years 11 months. During the first five years of life the deaths of Jewish children are scarcely more than half those of the Christians. One fourth of the total number of the latter die before they are seven years old, whilst of the former three-fourths attain the age of 28 years. Half of the Christians have succumbed at 36, whereas half the Jews live to be 50. Beyond 59 years 10 months, a quarter only of the Christian population will be found

alive, but a fourth of the Jewish live to be 71. Dr. Glatter has instituted a comparison between the longevity of the Jewish race and three others in the Austrian dominions, from which he finds that out of a thousand persons deceased, the number who attained an age between 70 and 100 were, of Hungarians, 54.4; of Croats, 70.6; of Germans, 86.7; and of Jews, 120.9. The longevity of the Jews was noticed by Haller, and attributed by him to their sobriety and careful diet—"Nunc longe plerique eorum sobrii fuerunt strictique victus." Doubtless sobriety must be admitted amongst the causes of their longevity, perhaps even as the most potent; but it does not seem improbable that the same energetic vitality that enables them to become citizens of every clime is also operative in prolonging the duration of their existence, has, in fact, endowed them with a longer average term of life. In India the mortality amongst the children of European soldiers is four times greater than amongst children of similar ages in England. And no instance is known of a third generation of the European race ever having existed in India—all the individuals being of pure European descent, and having been born and reared in the country.

Professor Unger has lately obtained some tiles from the well-known brick pyramid of Dashur, the building of which dates between 3300 and 3400 B.C. These, like all the Egyptian bricks, have been made with an addition of desert sand, and chopped straw, in order to give them greater cohesion and durability. Seeds of various plants, animal remains, and artificial products, were accidentally introduced with the materials used in the manufacture; and these bodies, encased in clay and excluded from the air, have remained unaltered to the present time, and can be recognised distinctly. A careful examination shows the presence, at the remote period of the building of the pyramid, of five different cultivated plants, seven field weeds, and some local plants, together with several fresh-water mollusca, and remains of fishes and insects. Most of the organisms still occur in Egypt, and have remained unchanged. Besides the two cereals (wheat and barley), there were found the teff, the field pea, and the flax (Linum usita-tissimum), the last being, in all probability, employed as a foodplant as well as for textile purposes. Greater interest attaches to the weeds, which belong to the commonest kinds, and have migrated with the cultivated plants, not only over all Europe, but over the greater part of the earth. Of artificial products there were found fragments of burnt bricks and earthen vessels, a small piece of linen thread, and one of woollen thread-all of which indicate a tolerably advanced civilization at the time of the building of the pyramid. Moreover, the condition in which all these objects-especially the chopped straw-occurred, proves that brick-making was really carried on in the manner stated by Herodotus, and described in Exodus v. 11.

A committee of scientific men appointed by the Academy of Science of Chicago to inquire into the origin, growth, and distribution of Trichina, have just made a very elaborate report. Their researches show that as many as 10,000 of these parasites are sometimes contained in a cubic inch of pork, and that, on an average, one in every fifty of the hogs brought to the Chicago market is more or less affected, and that the comparative immunity from the disease which the inhabitants of the United States enjoy, is the result of the habit of properly cooking the meat before eating it; whilst in Germany a great quantity is eaten comparatively raw (simply smoked) by the poorer classes, on account of the high price of fuel. "For the destruction of the parasites," say the committee, "all that is necessary is to cook the meat so thoroughly as to ensure that every portion of it shall be subjected to a tempera-

ture of 160° Fahrenheit."

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Considering the very large amount known to have been sent into the Bank this week from abroad, the reduction in the rate of discount yesterday to 6 per cent. was fully anticipated. Over three-quarters of a million have been received from the Continent, and this sum has been largely supplemented by coin and notes sent back from the provinces. The only question appears to have been whether the rate might not have gone down 2 per cent. at once, since, according to the last account the official minimum would, following precedent, have not exceeded 5 per cent. The directors, however, have doubtless thought it better policy to avoid adopting what in the eyes of the public might appear an extreme step, and to defer the inevitable reduction to 5 per cent. until next week. This determination will in some quarters be adjudged as wise, in others as feeble and timid, according to the peculiar views that in each case may prevail. As regards the general public, however, the question is of little or no consequence. Now that the artificial pressure has been broken down, and confidence has been restored. it matters nothing whether the Bank chose to charge a rate of 1 or 2 per cent. above the ordinary market, and thus virtually destroy their own business. As long as the Bank kept at 10 per cent., and by so doing deterred everybody from parting with a shilling, the directors actually controlled the whole discount business of the country. The relaxation removed, their power leaves them, and they have no greater influence in the course of the money market than any other monetary institution.

With the return of ease in the money market it can hardly be doubted that foreign Governments will be ready, as usual, to bring their securities before the notice of British capitalists. Brazil is stated to be already in the field; and Spain, and a score of others, require only the slightest encouragement to come forward. Although the amount of capital which has been sunk by England in these investments is enormous, foreigners evidently seem to think that our credulity is not yet exhausted. And yet it has been worked upon pretty frequently. It may be instructive at the present moment to give a short account of the various operations by which the British

nation has in this way been duped.

The first on the list is Spain. The great bulk of the debt contracted by her to English bondholders dates from the Carlist war. It would be tedious to go through the various conversions, changes, redemptions, and so forth, which were effected up to the year 1851, each time at a loss to the bondholder; but we will confine ourselves to the crowning injustice that took place in that year in the re-arrangement of the debt for the twentieth time. At that period there was a considerable amount of interest overdue, and in order to clear off this liability, the Government issued a deferred stock in part capitalization of the arrears, and confiscated the remainder altogether. The bondholders, of course, protested against this arbitrary measure, but were compelled, seeing there was no hope of redress, to accept what they could get, taking care, however, to formally reserve their claims. The Committee of the Stock Exchange consented to facilitate this reservation by issuing to the bondholders certificates of the amount of interest of which they had been deprived. These certificates were of mere nominal value in the market when first introduced, but have now risen to between 15 and 16 per cent. They represent a total of not far from seventeen millions sterling, and until these are arranged, no fresh loan can be brought out here. The Passive stock shows an equal breach of faith. Certain securities have been distinctly pledged to the redemption of these bonds, and have been as continually misappropriated.

Portugal has also practised her conversions, and has thus deprived the English bondholder of no small amount of his capital. It is, however, very difficult even to estimate the exact quota of the loss, as we have the authority of our own Secretary of Legation for stating that "in Portugal it is almost impossible to arrive at the real truth on any subject, particularly when statistical information is required." What with arrears of interest, capitalization, and deferred payments, the British public has probably lost a third of their nominal investments. Portugal, however, cannot be charged with a direct act of confiscation, like that practised by Spain towards the certificate holders. Greece is worse than either of these countries. Of the loans secured by the English, French, and Russsian Governments, the dividends have for years had to be provided by the guaranteeing Powers, while the holders of the unguaranteed stocks have received nothing. Now and then a report gains circulation that the Greek Government are about to do something for the creditors, but hitherto no attempt at financial regularity has been, or appears likely to be made.

Turkey is the last of the European Powers which has committed default in her foreign debt, and probably this will only amount to a temporary delay. The dividend of the general debt, due on the 10th July last, was, owing to the exigencies of the treasury, postponed for three months, to the 13th October. The sum involved, however, is large, exceeding three-quarters of a million, and although due in several other countries besides

England, the chief creditors are here.

Directly we leave Europe and pass over to the other side of the Atlantic, the prospects become worse and worse. Mexico has perhaps fallen the deepest in financial estimation. For many years the English bondholders were deprived of their dividends, and the accession of the Emperor Maximilian brought but a transient benefit. By raising a new loan in France, with at the same time a conversion operation, provision was made for the payment of two years' interest; but this period has expired, and the dividend due July 1st has not been attempted to be provided for, although it is fair to add that something is about to be done. The Republic of Venezuela has repudiated her obligations one after another avowedly because the Government did not find it convenient to pay them. Equador has also ceased regular payments, but, at all events, forwards by each mail a small sum to accumulate until large enough to provide a dividend. Peru was for years in arrears, and if the guano deposits had not been discovered, would probably not have found a shilling for the foreign

creditors up to the present day. As it is, the Peruvian Government only lately did not scruple to try a piece of sharp practice with the holders of the Dollar Bonds by attempting to pay their dividends in depreciated greenbacks instead of specie, notwithstanding that the gain could have been little more than nominal, and not to be weighed against the obloquy of a constructive breach of faith. To go into the dealings of some of the other Spanish-American countries with their foreign creditors, would take up far more space than we can afford and, after all, only involve a tiresome repetition of evasion and an entire absence of principle on the part of the respective Governments.

The moral to be drawn is that Englishmen will do well to keep their money in their own pockets, or, at least, to encourage only home enterprises. There appears, happily, little doubt that the general feeling has been for some time steadily tending that way. Some of the recent defaults have been so glaring that they have opened the eyes of the most credulous, and thus foreigns loans now promise to be as much neglected as

formerly they were eagerly sought.

### THE UNITED DISCOUNT CORPORATION (LIMITED).

THE Discount Corporation (Limited) is to be reconstituted under the name of The United Discount Corporation (Limited), with a capital of £750,000, in 50,000 shares of £15 each, of which it is proposed to call up £2 per share at intervals of three months, until £10 has been paid. The directors urge in support of the step they contemplate, that they are well satisfied an addition to the capital now employed in discount business is a necessity of the time. It appears they have obtained the approval of the shareholders in the old company, and as the plan which existed for a reconstitution of Overend, Gurney, & Company (Limited) has been abandoned, the time may be looked upon as favourable. The good-will of the Discount Corporation (Limited) is secured without payment of any consideration and without the assumption of the engagements of that company. So far well. The directors of the United Discount Corporation (Limited) view the present time as a "period peculiarly auspicious;" while they look upon the "recent convulsion as a prelude to a long period of careful commercial enterprises." In looking over the names of these gentlemen, we recognise some who, we believe, were prominently connected with the management of two of the banks which lately stopped payment. Whether the experience these gentlemen gained in those positions before the convulsion is likely to be of service to the United Discount Corporation (Limited) is a question which investors will do well to consider.

THE discount establishments have lowered their terms for money at call from 5 to 4½ per cent., and at seven and fourteen days' notice from 5½ to 5. The joint stock banks now allow 4½ per cent. for money on deposit, instead of 5, with the exception that the London and Westminster give only 3½ for sums below £500.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.27½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 4–10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is about 106 per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States. The above quotation is from the telegram of the 24th of August from New York.

Consols are now quoted 89½ to  $\frac{3}{4}$  for money and 89½ to  $\frac{1}{4}$  for the 6th of September. The price for the new account (October) is  $89\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{7}{8}$ .

The applications for discount continue very moderate, although the chief establishments are willing to take bills at 5 to 5 per cent., or 1 to 1 below the reduced charge at the Bank. The supply of money is very large, but the payment of the half-yearly railway dividends will absorb a considerable total within the next few days.

At a meeting of the shareholders in the Contract Corperation, which is now being wound up, held on Wednesday, it was resolved to form a committee to protect their interests, and a subscription of 5s. per share was opened to defray expenses.

The Consolidated Bank on its reopening in June arranged for all outstanding liabilities, including those incurred by the taking over of the business of the Bank of London, by paying 5s. in the pound immediately, and giving promissory notes for 5s. on the 1st of October, 5s. on the 1st of February, and 5s. on the 1st of June next, with 5 per cent. interest. The directors have announced that they are prepared to anticipate the payment of those falling due on the 1st of October, on a rebate of the interest for the interval.

The final instalment of 12 per cent., making 92 per cent. paid, falls due to-day on the Egyptian Railways Loan for £3,000,000 sterling, introduced in January last by Messrs. Fruhling and Gosehen.

### REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

### THE FIRST MAN, AND HIS PLACE IN CREATION.\*

THE disjointed character of the contents of the present volume renders the task of giving a satisfactory epitome somewhat difficult. It consists, in fact, of a series of rhapsodies, or strings of declamatory assertions, devoid either of unity of design or logical coherence, but urged in a positive tone, and with much casting of ridicule upon opponents. Amongst those who like to take their opinions ex cathedrâ, and thus save themselves the trouble of thinking, some may recognise in Dr. Moore the Gamaliel at whose feet they will be content to sit; but so entirely is the book wanting in argument, that we cannot imagine it effecting the rational conversion of a single individual holding opinions opposed to the views of the writer. In fact, it is apparent that the author himself is not without a certain obscure consciousness of having used more than ordinary license in dispensing with even the semblance of system in the treatment of his subject; for he tells us in his prefatory remarks, "That what is not plain to the understanding in one place may become so in another, the chapters being contrived with a view to avoid the tedious formality of laboured and systematic argumentation;" and also that, "without the restraint of exact system, he prefers freely to reason on human nature in general, that he may the better conceive the character and position of the first man;" and very free and very general are, it must be confessed, the reasons or rather assertions employed. Dr. Moore's faith in his own ability for enlightening his readers appears to be of that satisfactory kind that may be denominated perfect. He tells us that philosophers who do not possess powers of mind equal to the explanation of their own existence, cannot be expected to understand how man came into existence at first. That it is but vanity and vexation of spirit to discourse about man's mind and body, if men cannot come to a conclusion, from the knowledge of their own qualities as human beings, why they were made, who made them, and what is likely to become of them. And then we are informed, that "any comparative anatomist worthy of the name can read in the structure of an animal the kind of life it was designed to fulfil." That the author intends to include himself amongst the "comparative anatomists worthy of the name" is quite apparent; and after such a preliminary flourish of trumpets, it is somewhat disappointing to the reader to be told further on that "every physiologist well knows that variation of function does not bear an exact proportion to variation of structure;" and to find that, in lieu of any additional light being thrown by our author upon the knotty questions he has taken for his theme, the promised avenue to knowledge is barred up by a denial of the plainest laws of causation. Thus, onward throughout this singular production, we meet with a curious mixture of sense and absurdity, of admirable insight and the strangest logical fallacies. Scarcely is there a remark that commends itself to our approval but has a pendant exacting con-

We are sorry to see that Dr. Moore is afflicted with that narrowness of intellectual vision which begets the bigotry of attributing motives of hostility to religion to individuals who think differently on certain points from himself. We are not concerned with the defence of Messrs. Darwin and Huxley, for we differ as widely from the views of these gentlemen as Dr. Moore himself, but it never occurred to us to question their honesty and sincerity for arriving at conclusions at variance with our own. The idea that the portal through which man entered the world (or, rather, our opinion on this point), is really a vital question defining his nature and capabilities, determining his rank or place in creation, and deciding his future destiny, is, to the last degree, puerile and absurd. We find ourselves in the presence of an animal creation, each fibre of which mocks our utmost efforts of constructive ingenuity to reproduce, or even conceive the mode of its production. The materials exist not by which inductive reasoning can solve the problem of its origin. Two hypotheses present themselves: one supposes the progenitors of each species to have been fashioned and animated by a definite and separate act of creative power exerted at their birth, the other that one or a few germs were originally created with latent properties so wondrous, as, in the fulness of time, to cause the species descending from them-say, after reproducing their like through 1,000 generations-to bring forth a new species endowed with the same latent power; or, we may suppose that certain telluric conditions, a peculiar constitution of soil and atmosphere, must concur with a given number of anterior genera-tions; or, that certain telluric conditions alone suffice to elicit this stride in germ-vesicle development. Now, facts on which to base an induction being wanted, we must resort to the lamp of analogy, and we do not scruple to say, not only that the latter theory com-mends itself to our minds as the best supported by analogy, but as presenting an infinitely grander view of the first cause than the opposite, or anthropomorphising theory, which almost involves in its realization picturing the Deity with a modelling tool. However, what is certain is, that neither hypothesis comes in contact with any form of religion nor system of belief, nor affects in any way our view of the creative power of the Deity, any more than our opinion of the genius of the architect who designed the most

admirably symmetrical and perfect building known to us would be affected by learning the date or order of its erection, the fact whether the building of the centre preceded that of the wings, or the elevation of each portion advanced pari passu.

We have not recognised the Darwinian hypothesis in our theory of possibilities, because, notwithstanding the kernel of truth it contains—when applied to explain individual diversities within the limits of species, and the displacement or extinction of one species by another in a given area, in the battle of life—it is utterly powerless and inadequate to explain the existence of an orderly systematic creation, characterized by unity of design—a mighty whole, presenting one grand scheme of representative symmetry. The data of Darwinism logically carried out negative the existence of species. No symmetry can be evoked by the unguided action of irregular forces, but only the indefinite—a sliding scale of being as infinite in its confusion as in its diversity. To believe in Darwinism is to believe that a handful of wheat scattered at random on the ground shall in falling arrange itself by chance in symmetrical groups of fives, tens, fifties, and hundreds, or that a noble mansion, rich in architectural details, with wing answering to wing, and pinnacle to pinnacle, yet withal wondrously com-bining variety with symmetry, has been fashioned out of a rough block of sandstone by the joint action of wind and rain, frost and sunshine. But even the untaught instincts of the wandering Arab suffice to protect him from the folly of attributing the existence of the pyramids to atmospheric agencies, much less the neighbouring statue of Memnon, which looms so grandly through the haze of the desert, and, if we mistake not, the shallow sophistry, or rather the egregious absurdity, of Darwinism has had its day.

Nowhere does the half-bantering, serio-comic, yet somewhat cloudy style of Dr. Moore exhibit itself more characteristically than in some of his humourous comments on the Darwinian theories. Thus, in the chapter on the hypothetical genesis of man, he observes:—

"Though looking with reverence and awe at the lowest creatures, and, in a sense, ready to say with Job—'Thou, O worm, art my mother,' and truly, moreover, being linked in the relationship by much of conformation, and by necessities in common; with the consciousness, too, that the touch of omnipotence is ever evident alike in the flesh and life of maggots and of men—one may yet find it not the less unpleasant to be told we are derived in a direct line even from apes. . . . . But really we require a good amount of some sort of philosophy not to laugh when told that a duck, for instance, was not expressly intended to be a duck with a web foot, that it might pleasantly move on the water, but that its forefathers and mothers a long way back began under pressing circumstances to get a duckish disposition, and by dint of endeavour for ages to try their chance of paddling themselves about the pools of a puddly world their efforts were at length quite rewarded, and resulted in a complete success—so remarkable, indeed, at last, that a generation sprang from them thoroughly equipped for the waters with web feet, oily backs, boatshaped bodies, spoon bills, and bowels to correspond with mudworms and duckweed.

"Thus, also, it is said that polar bears of peculiar make pawed about in the Arctic seas, catching shrimps and jelly fish, until their coarse, hairy coats turned into a kind of sealskin, and their whole economy at length was reduced to, or produced in, the form of a kind of walrus, and then a whale, so that train oil and blubber are but developments of bears' grease. . . . Do we not see, in short, such a gradation in the scale of living existences, special neighbours being so nearly alike that to distinguish which from which would puzzle even an anatomical Solomon? And, therefore, it is no wonder if they do not know themselves, and run into each other from this end of the system to that—if there be any system—till a place in nature for one creature more than another is nowhere, and the whole world is all variation from this to that, and back again. . . . . Every kind of living creature was evolved, if not hatched, from one kind of egg; or rather there are no kinds of creatures and no kinds of eggs; only this became that, or that this, as it might be, in consequence of the 'innate tending' of this and that to vary its mood and mode of life."

In the Appendix on the Negro, Dr. Moore appears disposed to claim for him equality with the European. It is to be regretted that things so distinct as the unjustifiability of slavery, or, in other words, the right of the negro to live for himself in freedom; and his relative osition in the scale of human races should be associated together; thus importing passion into the argument and causing philan-thropy, blinded by its own motives, to weaken its influence and discredit its character for common sense by advocating theories flatly contradicted by all the facts of history, and all the experience of living men. Wherever found, the negro has always been stationary. Such as he now is, he was 5,000 years ago, and will be 5,000 years hence, if the future is to be judged by the only available criterion—the light of the past. Surely, then, the fact cannot be disputed that Providence has assigned him a subordinate position to the European on the stage of the world. The negro has no intellectual history, no imagination, and is at best but a mere imitator, without power to originate. In his disregard of the future, his inconstancy, and the transitory character of his feelings and impressions, he resembles the European child, an analogy which extends also in many remarkable particulars to the character of his brain. Dr. Moore tells us that the brain of the negro is quite as large as that of the European. Even were the assertion correct, the lower and shallower anterior lobe, the coarser and less pronounced gyri, and the thinner layer of cortical substance would render the comparison valueless as affording any indication of parity of mental power. The statement, however, is notoriously incorrect, and affords an amusing instance how scientific men when they become

The First Man and His Place in Creation, Considered on the Principles of Science and Common Sense, from a Christian Point of View. With an Appendix on the Negro. By George Moore, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London. London: Longmans & Co.

partisans, avail themselves of the forensic license of overlooking the evidence on the adverse side. Tiedemann having thirty years ago given utterance to this opinion, after an examination of one or two negro brains, Dr. Moore disposes of the more recent and extensive researches of subsequent anatomists by naïvely remarking, "Presuming that these anatomists took equal care with him to avoid error, all we can infer from their facts is, that the negro crania and cerebra which they examined were inferior specimens." What is to be inferred of Dr. Moore's cranium from this specimen of his logic we will not presume to say. No more decided evidence of the negro's incapacity for civilization can be imagined than is furnished by the fate of Hayti. There, the white race being expelled, we saw the negro race in the model of the result of possession of one of the finest islands in the world. All the machinery of civilization was in existence. A population, part educated to commerce, part instructed in mechanical arts, part drilled to agricultural and other industrial occupations, an import and export trade, with no appliance wanting to prevent their taking their position amongst the civilized nations of the globe. Instead of doing so, sloth gradually replaced industrial activity, till so complete became the lapse into barbarism and the idleness of the savage, that if a sick man wants a little sugar in this island, which once produced more than any spot of equal area on the surface of the globe, he is now obliged to send to a druggist and purchase it as he would medicine. In short, agriculture, commerce, literature, art, law, and order, all have disappeared; and we are assured by Admiral Porter that he has on two occasions seen negroes roasting and eating Dominican prisoners by the wayside in Hayti!

### THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.\*

THE Times in a leader, on Monday last, commented on the difficulties which beset an Irish lord-lieutenant on coming into power, and on the legacy of administrative troubles which he usually leaves to his successor. Although we may fairly consider that this office has never fulfilled what was expected from it; although we are convinced that the various noblemen who have held it, one and all, broke down in trying to allay the obstinate hatred of the Irish people, and to bring them to a belief in our good intentions towards them, still, we must not therefore assume that the abolition of the Viceroyalty would be attended with better results. It has had to contend against tradition, against the memory of a time when we were conquerors, and when the Castle was a Saxon stronghold. It has had to contend against the absurd custom of those periodical shifts by which the Lord-Lieutenant is recalled when his party is out of office. Yet it has done some good, and that good is also in degree. There have been lord-lieutenants of every kind, from the roystering duke who knighted a tavern-keeper, down to the firm-handed nobleman who crushed the head of Fenianism. Among those noticeable, for there were many inanities, must be included Lord Carlisle. He was a fine type of the governor who, with the best intentions in the world, could never make the slightest impress on the masses. He was popular in a sense of the word, and he was amiable in every sense, yet both his popularity and his amiability composed a figure in the eyes of the Irish people which might be described as respectably ceremonial. He was looked upon as the most perfect ball-giver, as the most complete opener of a mechanics' institute, as the most patient listener to a Dublin concert that ever appeared in the country. Certainly if his potion of what his duties were were country. Certainly, if his notion of what his duties were was a narrow one, he must get the credit of carrying that notion out thoroughly and perseveringly. He seemed to imagine that by an elaborate display of taste on his part, he could obviate the greatest of our difficulties. We use the word taste delibe-rately, for Lord Carlisle was taste personified. He could write verses showing taste, and nothing else; he delivered himself of a few lectures also distinguished for this, but for no other quality; he had his little say about a statue, the launch of a ship, or luncheon at a school (the reader will find them all in the book under notice), and even when he spoke of cattle it was with an arcadian delicacy of manner, as though they were of China, or by Cuyp. So far did his condescension go, that to encourage merchandise speculation he inaugurated a draper's shop in Grafton-street, and so feelingly grateful were the populace of Dublin for this, that they immediately christened him "Cheap Jack." There are, in truth, few people so inherently snobbish as those of the sister isle, and they respect a governor all the more who fences himself with the half-in-half kind of divinity which may be supposed to hedge a Viceroy. Lord Carlisle thought they could never have enough of him, and Mr. Gaskin is probably of the same opinion.

And this brings us to the book. The author, according to his

And this brings us to the book. The author, according to his own account, was a protégé of the deceased nobleman, and with that distorted conception of gratitude, from the consequences of which men have prayed to be saved, he now makes up this selection. The preface contains the early career of Mr. Gaskin himself, and the particulars of his musical education. We understand it to have been limited to vocal acquisitions, but there is intrinsic evidence that the instrumental portion of it, at least to the extent of playing on a trumpet, was not altogether neglected. Lord Carlisle's poems and lectures are in truth very fair as literary recreations; they are graceful relics of a cultivated mind, but are worthless if we

are to expect more from poetry than rhyme, and from lectures than mild mediocrity. The verses are just the style of the annuals the Amulet and the Bijou, made up of rosy smiles, woman's love, trump of fame, and tuneful lay. They consist of that painfully suggestive manufacture of lines in which you always know and fear what is coming next. It is quite refreshing in these days of Tennysonian mystery and music, to come across the good old twang of a spinet, like this for instance:—

" MY JESSAMINE TREE.

"My slight and slender jessamine-tree,
That bloomest on my Border tow'r,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wreaths of fairy bow'r.
I ask not while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose;
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more purely glows."

After which we have "Who has not felt, 'neath azure skies?" in which occur the following images:—

"Man's toil must plough the teeming ground, His sigh must load the perfumed air."

Taken in connection with each other, we are inclined to think that there is a confusion of metaphors here. Agriculture pursued under the ordinary conditions, and Hodge who sighs behind the plough, do not in combination produce that Heliconian bouquet which Lord Carlisle would term "perfumed air." But really the poet is not in a fit atmosphere for criticism; it was evidently meant for private circulation, where it would have done well enough. The speeches were more in Lord Carlisle's way. He luxuriated in a chance of talking. He grasped at the occasion and enjoyed it with an inordinate appetite. He had words at will, and produced them with a readiness which provoked a certain amount of weariness, He could talk upon any subject—Vartry Waterworks, Shakespeare. Medicine, or Education—it was all the same to him, and very nearly all the same to those who heard him. Mr. Gaskin, who puts his hero among the first of orators as well as of poets, quotes an authority (without giving his name, but mentioning that he was a literary one) in which the authority, speaking of Lord Carlisle's speech on the "Statue to the Earl of Belfast," said, "Twas a glorious address. I would not have missed it for any consideration."
Reading it, we cannot agree with the "authority." The speeches are just what we should expect from "My Jessamine Tree" mellifluous, and elegant; mincing rhetoric in kid gloves; platitudes without the muscle or force of proverbs sweated by a dancing-master process into an extreme tenuity and feebleness; arguments which have all the semblance of logic but not its accuracy; and conclusions drawn from the clouds, not as lightning might be drawn, but as rain might come from an overgathering of mist and fog. This is the downright truth concerning Lord Carlisle's oratory, and though we are prepared to give every testimeny to his personal virtues and worth, we cannot concede him a place among the men whose intellectual efforts deserve a lasting record. As we before said, Lord Carlisle neither rendered himself or his office serviceable to our rule in Ireland. There was something aggravating to our sensitive neighbours in hearing his lordship air his dainty opinions on Goldsmith, or descant upon the scenery of Kerry, while he was silent or nervous upon points of vital moment and policy which they conceived it was in his power, if not to remedy, at least to publish. Had his vice royalty been simultaneous with the recent insurrectionary disturbances, we can scarcely entertain a doubt, but that he never would have mastered the situation; and that between his optimism and his dinner-parties, Stephens would have worked the country into a revolution before Lord Carlisle would have stirred himself to a belief in the movement. Ireland resembles a horse—is able at once to recognise the rider by the manner in which the reins are held. The country is quite unprepared for an aristocratic Mæcenas. Before people are educated to art you must teach them to read, and you never will get them to learn even the rudiments until you can show them in some way the advantages to accrue from instruction. While Lord Carlisle was in Dublin, unwinding skeins of his peculiar discourses, or travelling through the chief cities with a similar object, that treason which has caused us so much trouble was in the making, and was patent enough, being sold in weekly broad-sheets, and sung within ear-shot of the Castle. Apart from his public position, we believe Lord Carlisle to have been a pure, upright, though a rather flaccid-minded nobleman. That his time was not misused, was not frittered in a round of barren pleasures, and that he felt that nobility had its uses as well as its privileges, we can say for him, and give his own testimony in addition to that of those who were in daily contact and intercourse with him. It will be noticed, however, by those who may read this work, how thorough a stickler for caste and its distinctions he was, and how he never for a moment forgot to patronize, even where he meant to be most condescending. Even Mr. Gaskin is once or twice addressed "Gaskin," in that tone of peremptory curtness which we associate with "John! the door." His lordship, lecturing a body of mechanics, recites the difficulties such poor creatures have in attaining that learned leisure to which he intimates he was born. But this was pardonable in a Howard. Even in his shortcomings Lord Carlisle was amiable — better be a poor poet than a bad landlord. Lord Carlisle's tenants regretted him, and though he was a failure as Lord-Lieutenant, he meant well, and his memory is held

The Viceregal Speeches and Addresses, Lectures and Poems, of the late Earl of Carlisle, K.G. Collected and Edited by J. J. Gaskin. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. London: George Routledge & Sons.

in sincere regard and esteem by many with whom he was both friendly and familiar. If Mr. Gaskin had performed his task with more discretion, he would have performed it better, which is only a way of saying "the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains;" but Mr. Gaskin has scarcely erred in not "praising sufficiently the works of Pietro Perugino."

### THE UNITED STATES AND DEMOCRACY.\*

WE have combined in one notice the two works whose titles are given below, partly because the author-dating rather ostentatiously from the Reform Club-tells us that one "arose out of considerations suggested" by the other, and partly because much that we have to say about them will apply equally to both. In one of his books, the English name of which will hardly bear mention in polite society, Swedenborg constructs an elaborate system of eternal rewards and punishments, dwelling with especial gusto upon the Inferno. Murderers, misers, gamblers, rascally attorneys, people who have troubled Sir James Wilde, and other sinners too numerous to mention, may yet learn of the retribution—horrible, grotesque, or nasty—which is to befall them in another world. Yet even this comprehensive penal code is not perfect. The prophet of the New Jerusalem does not condescend to mention the fate in store for wicked reviewers. That omission we can now supply, with the assistance of the volumes before us. There are no critical misdeeds of which we have any knowledge that would not be amply avenged by compelling the wrongdoer to read and review through countless ages successive works of Mr. Partridge. It has certainly never been our fate to meet anything so trying to the patience, or so stupefying to the mind. It is bad enough to have to deal with an author who empties his commonplace-book bodily into his pages, and, under the name of "authorities," presents you with a perfect rag-shop of cuttings from the writings of philosophers, historians, politicians, novelists, and economists of all ages and of all sorts of calibre. We do not dispute the industry which is displayed in collecting innumerable scraps from Mazzini and Machiavelli, Hegel and Hugo and Hallam, De Tocqueville and Toulmin Smith, to say nothing of Guizot, Milton, Aristotle, Napoleon, Montesquieu, "one of the first of modern philosophers upon history, Mr. Draper," and half a score others—but we do maintain that the sort of salmagundi produced by the mechanical mixture (there is no attempt at a chemical combination) of these heterogeneous ingredients is beyond the power of any ordinary mental digestion. Intellectual dyspepsia is, however, only the first of the tortures which Mr. Partridge prepares for his readers. He is apparently unconscious of the existence of such a thing as literary art. His materials are jumbled together like a heap of paving-stones, instead of being built up into an edifice.

Mr. Grove, who finds "continuity" everywhere else in the world, would utterly fail to discover it here. Loose and unsystematic as in the structure of these books, the structure which they are written. is the structure of these books, the style in which they are written is, if possible, still more intolerable-more wearying and more perplexing. Hazy, declamatory, and verbose, abounding in vain repetitions and high-sounding but empty phrases, it offers a perfect contrast to the simple, precise, condensed language in which such men as De Tocqueville and Mill convey their thoughts on similar topics. We could not within moderate compass give any adequate idea of the tediousness of the author's argumentative passages. But we may quote a couple of sentences, taken at random from a single page, as specimens of the rhetorical flourishes in which he delights:—" Materialism and Oligarchy met in the South. The two brought forth Slavery and Sin, and the Devil brought forth Death." And again, "The Serpent wreathed itself around the world-Champion of Democracy; its Head is crushed there; let its folds be disentwined throughout the world!" The capital letters and the italics in these extracts are Mr. Partridge's and not ours. Their frequent recurrence is a characteristic feature of both his works; and here as elsewhere is the sign of forcible feebleness and preten-

We can hardly say of "The Making of the American Nation" that what is new in its contents is not true, and what is true is not new; for although there is in it much that is true, and also much that is not true, we do not find anything that is new. Of course we do not mean by that to imply that there is not here and there a fact or a figure that we have met with before. What we do mean is that on all essential points the arguments of Mr. Partridge have been anticipated by others, and especially by Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Mill. The case of the North, not only as against the South, but in reference to the progress and prospects of democracy generally, has been stated by these eminent writers with a force and a clearness that leaves nothing to be desired; nor can we discover that Mr. Partridge has thrown any fresh light on this part of the subject. He does, indeed, "dissertate" with provoking fluency on the incompatibility between democracy and slavery—on the natural conflict between the oligarchical principles of the South and the love of equality in the North-on the momentous issues involved in the recent conflict, both for America and for the world in general-on the geographical unity of the United States which supplied so strong an argument, from a purely material point of view, against tolerating secession—and on the impossibility of founding a nation with slavery as its corner-stone, and

the right of rebellion as an inherent part of its constitution. But English readers will hardly care to accompany him while he rides to death the arguments which far deeper and more original thinkers have started, or works them out by a cumbrous apparatus of needless and uninteresting facts, figures and illustrations. A considerable part of his book was written before the termination of the civil war, and is devoted to a demonstration that the triumph of the North was inevitable. We fully admit that Mr. Partridge has turned out a true prophet, but we scarcely care to ascertain that unimportant circumstance at the cost of so much time and trouble. The Confederate States are subjugated, and there is an end of that matter. We may dispose in an equally summary way of another large slice of the work, which is occupied with a narrative of the long struggle, first for the limitation and then for the extirpation of slavery, which begun thirty years ago, and ended in the civil war. The Missouri compromise the logislation as to in the civil war. The Missouri compromise, the legislation as to Kansas, even "the Chicago platform," are now things of the past, and we really have not time, in days when everything is changing so rapidly around us, to fight all these old battles over again. All we care for is the future; and with reference to this, we are disposed generally to agree with our author. But as we do not claim any particular perspicacity for our own views, we cannot consent to give him much credit for his. In truth, the leading results of the civil war are obvious to every one. The South may for a time try to resist, but it must in the end give way before the greater power and the more strenuous will of the North, which has vowed, and will insist upon, the total abolition of slavery in every form. With that will came the destruction of anything like a class influence, such as that which the Southern planters used to exercise, and the reign of absolute equality throughout the States. At the same time, the nation will become more and more consolidated —the functions of Government will become more and more extended -the democracy of the New World will become more highly organized. Out of a federation of States a great country has been formed. To the increase of its power, prosperity, and influence it is difficult to set any limits; and we quite concur with Mr. Partridge in thinking that it is destined to play a leading part in the future history of the world. The principles on which it is constituted and governed will no doubt have a powerful, and for some time a constantly increasing influence upon Europe; nor is it impossible that a vast acceleration of the social changes which are already in progress, both in England and on the Continent, may date from "the making of the American nation." We have no disposition to under-estimate the importance of that event, but we do not think that the public are likely to be materially enlightened on the subject by the 523 pages which Mr. Partridge has devoted to it.

In the work "On Democracy," the principles which may, we suppose, be described as latent in the other book, are fully developed and enforced. Mr. Partridge, we need hardly say, is for no half-measures. He will not listen to compromises, counterbalances, or checks of any kind. He devotes a whole chapter to the control of Mill" makes the cridently considered to the control of t "the heresies of Mill," whom he evidently considers only a halting democrat. Absolute equality and manhood suffrage are the goals at which he aims, and that by no circuitous route. So far from tolerating the notion that the possession of property is any qualification for the franchise, he maintains that "to a great extent poverty is itself a qualification." "Manhood always recognises manhood. That is the sum of the whole matter." This "manhood," which is to be not only the preponderating but the only power of the future, is "to be developed on a fourfold basis of freedom in School, Press, Church, and Assembly, and in its three forms, material, political, and religious. Material freedom is to give us free trade, direct taxation, and economical and honest government. Under political freedom comes of course manhood suffrage, and, we believe, electoral districts, vote by ballot, and the abolition of primogeniture. Religious freedom, in the opinion of Mr. Partridge, "demands the application to secular views, after an equitable satisfaction of existing interests, of all national property now held by the united Church of England and Ireland and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; and concurrently with it, the literature of those Churches from State control." What we are to have under the head of "freedom of the school" does not appear, although we shall probably not be far wrong in guessing that our author is favourable to the common school system of America. Upon other points, also, he is not so clear as could be wished. He tells us that the new democracy is to be "organized" in some manner which, we understand, would be superior to our present local selfgovernment; but we cannot make out what that is, nor are we quite certain whether our future foreign policy is to be one of intervention or non-intervention, although our impression is, that Mr. Partridge thinks it our duty in the present condition of the world to strike in for the right, and try to redress some of the wrong which we have in past times been the means of doing or establishing. With this slight sketch of his views, we must part from one another, and from what we have already said, it will be gathered that we are not sorry to do so.

### LONDON POEMS.\*

SINCE the publication of his "Undertones," rather more than two years and a half ago, Mr. Buchanan has given a special direction

<sup>\*</sup> The Making of the American Nation; or, the Rise and Decline of Democracy in the West. By J. Arthur Partridge. London: Stanford.

On Democracy. By J. Arthur Partridge. London: Trübner.

<sup>\*</sup> London Poems. By Robert Buchanan, Author of "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," "Undertones," &c. London: Strahan.

to his genius, found out a walk of his own, and taken his stand as a poet of the Actual, as distinguished from the Ideal. In his first volume he dealt largely with the gods and goddesses, the heroes and heroines, of the ancient world; in his second, he selected the homely scenes and characters of his native Scotland for illustration, and at once showed the public and the critics that he had discovered his real line. His idealisms were at the best only reproductions of the manner of other men-chiefly of Mr. Tennyson; his Inverburn pastorals and legends were the result of his own observation and knowledge, his personal thought and emotion. The advance in power was as striking as the development of originality. The second of Mr. Buchanan's volumes sets its author immediately in a conspicuous position among the younger poets of the day. It was seen that he had a special power-that he could write with strength, pathos, and sweetness, and that he did not need to adopt a mannerism as the only means of producing an effect. Mr. Buchanan's place, we conceive, is not on the heights of Parnassus, nor in the columned splendour of Grecian cities, but among the hills and misty glens of Scotland, by the rough sea-shores of modern Britain, or in the streets and alleys of our dingy, everyday London. He is the poet of poverty and of hard social conditions-of suffering, and misery, and vice, and outcast humanity-of unlovely aspects which nevertheless hold at their hearts some redeeming element of good, some ruin or some prophecy of beauty. His truest and most genuine manner is to some extent that of Crabbe. Indeed, several of the stories in his new volume remind us of the clerical writer who made the annals of the poor his favourite themes, and wrung a species of acrid yet veritable poetry from the harsh and sordid lives of peasants and of fishermen. We do not mean to accuse the more modern poet of imitating his predecessor. Mr. Buchanan has powers of his own, which prove that he is no mimic. But a similar bent of mind to that of Crabbe, and perhaps a somewhat similar bringing up, have led him into much the same fields, and almost necessitated an analogous method of cultivating them. Close observation of character, minute delineation of scenes and incidents in low life, homely pathos, and forcible, direct expression, are the leading elements of Mr. Buchanan's genius, as they were of Crabbe's. To these qualities he adds at times a warmth and richness of language, and a glow and exaltation of feeling, which were alien to the Suffolk poet's more literal mind. The living writer touches, indeed, now and then, on the very heights of imaginative insight and expression; but we are bound to add that this is rather the exception than the rule, and that these are regions somewhat foreign to him, and from which accordingly he soon drops by a sort of natural declension to the more ordinary level of common joys and sorrows. A genius such as this we cannot regard as of the first class in poetry; it is suggestive, after all, of a natural affinity with the prosaic side of things; it is a partial abnegation of the poet's great prerogative of dwelling with loveliness and power. But it is a form of truth, is not incapable of a beauty of its own, and is at any rate a thousand times better, in its honesty and genuine force, than insincere idealisms, made up of tinsel and sawdust. One reason of Wordsworth's great success was because he represented a reaction against the shallowness and sentimental frippery of the Della Cruscan school, and opposed plain truths to maudlin sentimentalism and make-believe. His truths were sometimes of a rather ugly order, betraying, we think, a want of complete poetical sympathy, or at any rate a failure of judgment in determining the boundaries between truth in the general and mere exactness of detail; yet Wordsworth created a revolution in English poetry by returning to Nature, and abjuring the fopperies of mere literary pretence. We do not anticipate that Mr. Buchanan will head any similar revolution, because there is no such need of reformation now as existed seventy years ago; but of late we have had somewhat too much of mysticism and cloudy suggestion, and the author of these "London Poems" may do us a service by showing how much power may be got out of direct expression. Mr. Buchanan is in fact the very antipodes of Mr. Browning. The latter deals in inuendoes and shadowy hints, which a dozen different readers may interpret in as many different ways: the former never leaves us in any doubt as to what he means, but tells his story with a blunt plainness which will not permit us to lose sight of the beauty of the treatment in sheer groping for the sense. Mr. Browning, of has the privilege of great original genius for doing pretty well what he likes; and, although we cannot help regretting sometimes that he should use his power so arbitrarily, we are obliged to acknowledge his right and to tolerate his whims. But in his imitators the thing is unbearable, and we congratulate Mr. Buchanan on avoiding one of the great pitfalls of the younger race of poets. We always see clearly what it is he would do; and very frequently we sympathize with the object, and admire the simple force with which the end has been attained.

The first of these "London Poems" (setting aside a sort of

The first of these "London Poems" (setting aside a sort of blank verse preface, rather diffusely and poorly written) is one called "The Little Milliner," a charming love-story, showing how a poor city clerk and a hard-working girl, lodging in the same house, took a fancy to one another in secret, and were at length brought together by the latter nursing the former through an illness. The next poem—"Liz"—is the soliloquy of a dying girl who has lived with a costermonger, and is now fading out of life in giving birth to her first child. Mr. Buchanan has here evinced great command of pathos, and great boldness in the handling of very painful social questions. He does not mince matters at all. He shows us the life of the poor and ignorant in all its squalor and dull misery, its coarseness, its hardness, and its disregard of the

settled and orderly decencies of the world; yet he also shows—and that without any sentimentalism or exaggeration—that it has its heroic and tender characteristics too. Liz has, of course, never been married; yet she has always been true and faithful to Joe. Joe, on his part, beats her when he is drunk, but at all other times is kind and good:—

"We don't mind beating when a man
Is angry, if he likes us, and keeps straight,
Works for his bread, and does the best he can;—
'T is being left and slighted that we hate."

The prudish may perhaps object to the moral tone of this poem: for ourselves, we heartily accept it, as conceived in the truest spirit of purity, and as showing the soul of goodness in things evil. We say the same also of the poem called "Nell," in which another paramour of another costermonger bewails his death, and wildly proclaims his goodness, though he has just been hanged for "knifing" a man in a drunken brawl. Shocking as this may sound, we venture to affirm that the poem will do no harm to any honest nature, but rather good, by leading its sympathies into the dark recesses of misery and crime, and making clear the eternal light of something better, dawning out of the blackness. We are not for a moment bidden to sympathize with the costermonger's crime; but we are led to sympathize with the woman's grief, the depth and passion of which show that her association with the costermonger was not the mere caprice of profligacy, but the act of a deep and truthful love—that abiding love

"Which looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

Nell knows that, though her Ned committed a frghitful crime in a moment of drunken insanity, he had always been kind to her, and she will hold to that fond memory:—

"A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop too much—
Drink did it all—drink made him mad when cross'd—
He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.
So kind! so true! that life should come to this!
Gentle and good!—the very week before
The fit came on him, and he went amiss,
He brought me home, and gave me, with a kiss,
That muslin gown as hangs behind the door.

"God bless him, live or dead!

He never meant no wrong, was kind and true—
They've wrought their fill of spite upon his head—
Why didn't they be kind, and take me too?
And there's the dear old things he used to wear,
And here's a lock o' hair!
And they're more precious far than gold galore,
Than all the wealth and gold in London town!
He'll never wear the hat and clothes no more,
And I shall never wear the muslin gown!
And Ned! my Ned!
Is fast asleep, and cannot hear me call;—
God bless you, Nan, for all you've done and said,
But don't mind me! My heart is broke—that's all!"

The greatest objection we have to make to the first of these too analogous poems is that the sentiment and language are in parts too subtle and poetical for the assumed character. This is less

apparent in "Nell."
"Edward Crowhurst, or 'A New Poet,'" relates the struggles of a country labourer with a talent for song-writing, who is for a time taken up by the great folks in London, taught to be vain and ambilious, and then abandoned for newer favourites, the unhappy man himself becoming insane with the reaction. The tale is evidently founded on the life of poor Clare, and the whole treatment is subtle and true. Among the other "London Poems" we must mention "Attorney Sneak"—an admirable piece of minute character-painting—the pretty, touching love-poem, "Langley Lane," and, above all, the story called "Jane Lewson." This we must regard as the finest, as it is certainly the most elaborate, poem in the volume. Jane Lewson is the youngest of three maiden sisters. living "in a great dwelling of a smoky square in Islington"—rigid Calvinists the two elder, and the younger a meek and timid acquiescer in what has been imposed upon her by stronger minds than her own. Borne down by the gloom with which she is perpetually surrounded, Jane sighs and droops for a more genial life, and finally gives her heart away to a pious lover, who, though he talks devoutly enough to disarm the elder sisters, is a villain. One night, Jane runs away with him, and nothing more is heard of either for a long while. At length, on a dark and rainy evening, a timid knock comes to the door of the sisters' house, and Jane is admitted, dejected and trembling, and carrying a burthen underneath her shawl. The canting scoundrel has seduced and deserted her, and she now returns to her old home, her infant in her arms. The sisters are at first inclined to drive her forth, but at last consent to let her remain, on the understanding that the child is to be brought up as one that had been adopted from a poor tenant, and that Jane is never to reveal her maternity either by word or deed. The child is a girl, and the beauty and pathos of the poem consist in the delineation of the struggle that goes on in poor Jane's mind between her natural affection and her cruel oath of secrecy, and in the warmth with which the girl, as she grows towards womanhood, clings to Jane, not knowing that she is her mother. Margaret (for that is the child's name) has a hot, passionate, impulsive nature, and in time she finds a lover,

who offers her marriage. This is a new agony to Jane, who fears that she will now lose her only comfort on earth. She falls into a mortal sickness, and in the course of her malady the truth comes out—though in what manner, we must leave the reader to discover for himself. The poem is full of power, and nothing can be more quietly pathetic than the description of Jane's weary life, denied the full fruition of her child's love:—

"No whisper of reproach, no spoken word, Troubled with memories of her sinfulness The suffering woman; yet her daily life Became a quiet sorrow. In the house She labour'd with her hands from morn to night, Seeing few faces save the pensive ones Whose yellow holiness she bow'd before; And tacitly they suffer'd her to sink Into the household drudge,—with privilege Upon the Sabbath day to dress in black, Sit in the sunless house or go to prayer, So idle, that her thoughts could travel back To shame and bitterness. Her only joy Was when she gave her little girl the breast (They dared not rob her weary heart of that), When, seated all alone, she felt it suck, And, as the little lips drew forth the milk, Felt drowsily resign'd, and closed her eyes. And trembled, and could feel the happy tears.

There came a quiet gathering in the house, And by the gloomy minister the child Was christen'd; and the name he gave to her Was 'Margaret Lewson.' For the sisters said, 'Her mother being buried, as it were, The girl shall take our name.' And Jane sat by, And heard the pious lie with aching heart, And ever after that her trouble grew.

Soon, when the sound of little feet were heard In the dull dwelling, and a baby-voice, Call'd at the mother's heart, Jane thrill'd and heard, But even as she listen'd the sweet sounds Would seem to die into the cloud that hid The great cold God above her. Margaret Grew to a little wildling, quick and bright, Black-eyed, black-hair'd, and passionate and quick, Not like its mother; fierce and wild when chid, So that the gloomy sisters often thought, 'There is a curse upon it;' yet they grew To love the little wildling unaware, Indulged it in their stern and solemn way, More cheer'd than they believed by its shrill laugh Within the dismal dwelling. But the child Clung most to Jane, and though, when first it learn'd To call her by her Christian name, the sound Bruised the poor suffering heart, that wore away; And all the little troubles of the child, The pretty joys, the peevish fits, the bursts Of passion, work'd upon her nature so, That all her comfort was to snatch it up, And cover it with kisses secretly. Wilful and passionate, yet loving too, Grew Margaret,—an echo in a cave Of human life without; clinging to Jane, Who never had the heart to fondle it Before her sisters; not afraid at times To pinch the thin, worn arms, or pull the hairs Upon the aching head, but afterwards Curing the pain with kisses and with tears. So that as time wore on the mother's heart Grew tenderer to its trouble than before."

Of the four miscellaneous poems in the present volume, the best are "The Scaith o' Bartle" and "The Glamour"—two Scotch stories containing some very picturesque descriptions.

Mr. Buchanan has won for himself a position among living writers. He has now only to maintain it.

### THE CRITICAL ENGLISH TESTAMENT.\*

An exposition of the New Testament, based on the celebrated "Gnomon" of Bengel, and brought up to the present state of critical knowledge, ought to prove a useful guide to the careful student of Scripture. More than one hundred and twenty years have passed over the head of this "Interpreter," for such is the meaning of Gnomon, and yet to the last its teaching is in high reputation. Criticism has outstripped it in point of learning; but the peculiar charms originally impressed on it by the great mind of its author still remain. To its lucid style, to the simplicity and terseness of its language, and the pious spirit that breathes through its expositions, in no small degree has its popularity and success been owing; and these attractions time cannot take away. Wesley borrowed largely from its pages, incorporating its notes and various readings into the Commentary, which, under his name, is known as one of the standards of the Wesleyan faith. So greatly did the Apostle of Methodism admire this work, that, although originally intending to write his notes from his own thoughts, he

abandoned the scheme on seeing it, and proceeded to translate large portions of it for the benefit of his followers. But, notwithstanding all its attractions, the "Gnomon" has fallen behind the requirements of the day. Biblical criticism has made such strides since its first publication in 1743, that to rely on it alone as an "interpreter" would not be unlike being content, in navigation, with the scientific knowledge of the days of Captain Cook to the neglect of all the discoveries which have been since made about ocean currents and cyclones. The remark Bengel himself once made about confessions of faith is as true of critical notes and comments, that the divines who rest content with them "might as well command the sun to stand still on a summer morning at four o'clock because there is then sufficient light."

In thoughts such as these, as to the expediency of republishing the "Gnomon" in a form accessible to the general English reader, but brought up to the needs of the day, has originated the "Critical English Testament" here under our review. The attempt has not been made without a precedent. In the year 1862 the Professors Charlton Lewis and Vincent, of Troy University, in America, published a Commentary on this basis at Philadelphia; and of this work the "Critical English Testament" is an expansion and improvement. At least the editors, the Rev. Messrs. Blackley and Hawes, speak of it as such. In the Preface to the work they state, that "while adopting the method and making use of all the additions" of the American publication, they "have produced" a work calculated "to enable a reader, unacquainted with Greek, to ascertain the exact English force and meaning of the language of the New Testament, and to apreciate the results of modern criticism." This is almost too much to expect from any critical English Testament, even from the best Greek Testament for the Greek scholar that could be produced; but of course the editorial exaggeration must be received with its understood qualifications. We do not believe that it is possible, in every case, to ascertain the exact English force and meaning of the New Testament language; but much may be done towards that desirable end, which this work, no doubt, will partly enable the diligent student to accomplish. And there are distinctive features in the work which are worth noticing. There is, first of all, "an entirely new translation of the 'Gnomon' itself," which is presented "without any abridgement or omission," except so far as Bengel's facts and criticisms are now exploded, which the editors say does not exceed "one page per cent. of the original Latin work." There is, next, the great advantage of the adoption of the Authorized Version as the basis of comparison—a convenience which, it is hardly necessary to mention, is not to be found in the original work of the author, who, though he wrote it in Latin, was German by birth. There is also, as a natural consequence of the last arrangement, the adoption of the English order of the words for reference rather than that of the Greek, and to this there has to be added the incorporation with Bengel's notes of others from the editors, wherever in their opinion occasion required them. Such is the plan of the work, of which, without pronouncing a decided opinion as to its absolute value, we think it may with truth be said that it is the best form in which Bengel's "Gnomon" has yet been given to the English public.

But whether it possesses all the requisites of a Critical English Testament is a question the answer to which must be sought in considerations of another kind. Strictly, the work cannot be called an English Testament; for neither the text of the Authorized Version, nor of any other version, is given in it, except so far as the former appears "as the basis of reference" in disjointed portions in the notes. It is, in fact, all notes and comment, intended to be used by a reader as a guide to help him to understand his ordinary English Testament. But passing over this matter of the propriety of a title, is it a critical Testament to the extent and in the form which is most desirable in such a work of exegesis? The answer to this question must depend on the method of exposition adopted, and the manner in which the supplementary editorial notes have been executed. As to the former, it must be acknowledged that the work is in a very great degree free from the common fault of having a comment on every word, however obvious otherwise its meaning may be-a practice which is about as useful as the elucidation of the lucidum per obscurius. Comments of this kind are a pure trifling which only worry and weary the reader, and should ve way to an honester ever tion being concentrated on matters that really need explanation. Of what use, for instance, can a comment on "Let us alone" be, or on "He began"? Bengel, to a great extent, avoids this fault, though not altogether. There are few things that have done more harm in preventing the diffusion of a taste for Biblical studies, and causing ignorance of Scripture than this slip-shod way of instruction. The words are explained, but they are not strung together so as to make a consistent whole; and, wherever difficulties occur, the most absurd suppositions are introduced to help in surmounting them. We take, for example, a passage over which nearly all the expositors, Bengel and his editors included, have floundered. Our Lord, we are told, in Mark's gospel (xi. 13), cursed a fig-tree, because, expecting to find fruit on it, he found none; and the reason the Authorized Version assigns for the act was what ought to be the most unreasonable of all that could be imagined, namely, because "the time of figs was not yet." Now if the time of figs being on the tree-which is the meaning ordinarily given to these words-had not yet come, our Lord could not have been ignorant of a fact regarding the seasons which every peasant in Palestir must have known. And if he did know it, which he must

<sup>\*</sup> The Critical English Testament, being an Adaptation of Bengel's "Gnomon," &c. Three vols. Edited by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A., and the Rev. James Hawes, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Alexander Strahan.

he was hungry, did he expect figs on the tree however well covered it may otherwise have been with leaves? Why did he curse the tree for not having what it could not have had? The difficulty is an obvious one, and occurs at once to the unsophisticated reader. For Bengel there may be some excuse, considering the age in which he lived; but there can be none for editors who profess, in this nineteenth century, "to enable a reader unacquainted with Greek to ascertain the exact force and meaning of the language of the New Testament."

Another instance of the absurdities and contradictions into which this neglect of the context leads expositors, is found in the narrative of Nicodemus's visit to Christ by night. The account commonly given of this "master of Israel's" coming to Jesus during the dark hours is, that he was "afraid of the Jews." Now it is nowhere said in the Bible that Nicodemus did this or anything else through fear of the Jews, although it is stated that Joseph of Arimathea became a disciple of Jesus secretly through that motive (John xix 38). But the absurdity of this mistake about Nicodemus becomes immediately evident on referring to the context, and observing that the visit took place at the commencement of Christ's ministry, when he was in popular favour on account of the miracles he had performed. The whole misconception pro-ceeds from confounding the latter part of Christ's ministry, when he was in extreme disfavour with the Jewish authorities, with its earlier days when no such hostile feelings were entertained, and even deputations of Priests and Levites came to him to inquire if he were the Messiah or not. The consequence has been the most ridiculous accounts of the connection in order of thought between the remark of Nicodemus in the second verse of John iii., and the reply of Jesus thereto in the third, also as to the meaning of the statement in the preceding chapter (verse 24), that "Jesus did not commit himself unto them because he knew all men." Had proper attention been paid to the context, this most interesting passage, instead of being made a hash of, might have thrown a valuable light on the early ministry of Christ, showing how the tide of popular favour turned gradually against him, as he disappointed the Jewish expectations of a temporal Messiah, and announced the spiritual nature of his kingdom. It would have been seen that Nicodemus's aim in his opening observation was to elicit information from Jesus as to the nature of his Messiahship-information which the latter at once supplied in stating the necessity of a new birth as the condition of admittance into his kingdom. Further, it would have been evident that Jesus did not "commit himself unto them," knowing what was in man, because he clearly saw that it was in the minds of the Jesus to take him by force, and make him a temporal Messiah or King. We have selected these two eventuals of the firstness and the visit of Nice. selected these two examples of the fig-tree and the visit of Nicodemus out of many to which attention might be directed, to show the necessity of adopting a better method of exegesis than that which satisfied our fathers. The common practice is to deal rather much in ejaculations, moral and religious reflections of the tritest kind, wearying truisms, and to dilute a few golden thoughts in an abundance of wordy dross, confounding more than helping the student. There is a little of this in the "Critical English Testament," even in the notes added by the editors, most of which, hewever, are good. It may have been unavoidable in a work where the new moulding must be adapted to the fashion of the original structure; but the less there is of it in future expositions, the better will it be both for reader and author.

### DAYS OF YORE.\*

MISS TYTLER has already proved herself an excellent story-teller, and the collection of sketches and tales which she has just gathered together under the title of "Days of Yore" does no injustice to her reputation. Much of the delicacy of sentiment and grace of expression which cast such a charm around "Citoyenne Jacqueline" may be recognised in the careful studies of still-life now before us, drawn for the most part with great truth and feeling, their lights and shadows judiciously balanced, but the sunshine chiefly prevailing—the figures evidently taken in many instances from life, and the backgrounds remarkable for the pains which have been bestowed on their characteristic features and their local colouring. There is one objection, however, to which the contents of these two volumes are open-they are somewhat too monotonous, the speakers all seeming to talk in a similar key, too many of them clothing almost identical ideas in nearly the same garb of words. The various articles of which the book is composed have the appearance of having once formed part of a magazine; and we should not be surprised to find that they have all at one time or another figured in the columns of "Good Words." No less than three of the stories are devoted to the illustration of one subject—the triumph of a young girl, who marries a widower, over the difficulties which beset the path of a second wife and a step-mother, and the good fortune awaiting a man of mature age who wooes and weds a maiden young enough to be his daughter, is dwelt upon with a persistency which may fatigue all but elderly bachelors. The weakest of the tales are those headed "Peeps into Antiquity." The author's sight has not been strong enough to enable her to see clearly into the distant periods she has attempted to illustrate, and there is little reality about her representations of Scottish life in the days of Duncan and Macbeth. There is much

sweetness in her legend of the saintly Queen Margaret, whose virtues have caused her canonized name to be revered even in the Presbyterian land which her royal husband once ruled, but it has the somewhat sickly air which so often pervades the works of modern religious art. The men and women with whom it deals do not seem to be composed of real flesh and blood-their actions are stiff and mechanical, their voices do not utter the clear ring of vitality. King Malcolm is far too mild and gentlemanly for real life, and his wife is a mere saintly anachronism. Worst of all in this respect is the picture of Macduff hiding from Macbeth's vengeance in a Fifeshire cavern, in which, we are told, "he would say to himself that he exaggerated mischances and invented accidents, and affrighted himself like any child, and at the word 'child' he would venture from his cavity, and gather the sounding shells and glistening stones, and store them in his pouch for his children in the castle buried in the wood." But as the author approaches nearer to her own times, her views of life become more true, and her rendering of them more certain. The scene of the shipwreck during the Armada panic is better than those which precede it, but it is not much more to be depended upon—the same couleur-de-rose light being thrown over all that is introduced into it. But when Miss Tytler reaches our grandfathers' era, her pictures of "Old Gatherings," and of "Wooings and Weddings," become really charming. Among the pleasantest is the description of "The Old Yeomanry Weeks," in which a vivid picture is given of the excitement into which the little town of Priorton used to be thrown once a year, and the simple story is excellently told of the loves of Bourhope, the stalwart dragoon, and poor, hardworking, clever little Chrissy Hunter, who carries him off in triumph from under the very eyes of her stately and well-dowered cousin Cornelia. Another attractive piece is that styled "The Days of the Dutch Fair," in which is chronicled the wooing of plump little Veronica Venetralen, a blue-eyed flaxen-haired, apple-blossom-cheeked. Vanstraelen, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, apple-blossom-cheeked, milk-white-necked maiden of Rotterdam, by Mauritz Heernkirk, a sturdy but somewhat awkward young potter from Delft. The scene is not essentially Dutch; but there is a Netherlandish air about it, and a suggestion of long vistas of canals, and poplars, and formal gardens, ablaze with the splendour of tulips, and of solemn burghers, and hideous old women with strangely-wrinkled faces, and trim but and hideous old women with strangely-wrinkled faces, and trim but comely maidens, and weird, old-fashioned children. It is a fair representation of the ideal, the conventional Holland, not particularly like the country as it is, or ever was, but in itself not displeasing in its quaint dreaminess. The sketches of Mistress Betty Lumley, also, "On the Stage and Off the Stage," are graceful and spirited, though, perhaps, she is represented as a little too good for everyday life, and far too good for the homely middleaged Squire, whom she fascinates—first, by the artistic qualities she displays upon the boards, and afterwards by the domestic virtues by which she wins all hearts in private life. Then there are the "Lovers' Quarrels," of which the best is perhaps the story of little Judy, who, when scarcely more than a child, marries old Mr. Judy, who, when scarcely more than a child, marries old Mr. Dillon, a prosaic but kindly attorney, and learns to love his wrinkled countenance and decent wig as dearly as he loves her blooming face; and the "Likenesses and Contrasts," among which "Ringan Cockburn's Trial and Victory," stands out most prominently; the story of an old laird's struggles with poverty, and his persevering attempts to get at the coal he feels sure is on his estate, long unsuccessful, but triumphant at last, at the very moment when all hope seems to be lost. Almost all the stories, indeed, have a cheerful termination. Miss Tytler has imparted into them very little of the true tragic element. Her clouds are of the nature of little of the true tragic element. Her clouds are of the nature of those which roll away towards the close of the day, and make way for the mellow light of sunset, and the tranquil radiance of the stars. She seldom deals with the wilder passions: no great crimes startle the readers of her tranquil pages; even with great sorrows she appears unwilling to deal. She cannot claim for a moment to be compared with such a great writer as "George Eliot," nor with such excellent artists as the late Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant; but in her own lower degree she is entitled to a fair meed of praise. She has a clever perception of much that is admirable in a woman's nature; and she is able to realize, with great effect, her ideas of gentle, guileless womanhood, infusing considerable animation into her models of female virtue, and endowing them with a more than ordinary share of winning grace. If she had attempted more she might have failed disastrously. She has been content to make but a moderate venture, and it has been deservedly successful. Her present work will doubtless obtain a large audience; to the rude masculine intellect it may not perhaps, be entirely suited; but to masculine intellect it may not, perhaps, be entirely suited: but to readers of the gentler sex, especially to those who are not yet allowed to wander quite unchecked among the pastures of fiction, we may cordially recommend the "Days of Yore."

### THE THREE LOUISAS.\*

So strong a family likeness may be traced in most of the novels of the present day, that it is an agreeable change to turn to one which has a characteristic expression of its own, and is thoroughly different from the greater part of its brethren. The story, which Mr. Sutherland Edwards has styled "The Three Louisas," and which, as a contemporary has taken the trouble to inform the world, has been "wittily" nicknamed "Unlimited Loo," is not a mere romance, flimsily constructed in haste, and intended to be

<sup>\*</sup> Days of Yore. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline." Two vols, London: Strahan.

<sup>\*</sup> The Three Louisas. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

remembered but for an hour-one of the ephemeral Minervas of fiction which spring so readily from the brains of the literary Jupiters of the age—it is rather a careful study of that mysterious region, the musical world, skilfully devised in the shape of a novel,—a work requiring rare experience of scenes which strangers seldom tread, and of persons whose inner life is an unfathomable mystery to most spectators from without. Almost every incident of the plot is in some way connected with music, for the heroine is the daughter of an Italian singer, and becomes a prima donna herself; so she lives in a musical atmosphere, and inhabits a world in which the voice of song is seldom silent. Her father, Augustus Maynard, had been a rich man when he married, but at his death his widow and daughter were left almost destitute, and at the time when we first make Louisa Maynard's acquaintance, she has passed through the first of the successive transformations she is destined to undergo, and is doing duty as a governess-pupil in a school at Richmond, under the name of Louise Ménard. The sketch of the establishment in which she dwells is lively and amusing, for Mrs. Fitz-Henry is a schoolmistress of an original cast, one who has singular notions on the subject of education, and who inculcates her ideas according to a method she has herself invented, troubling her pupils but little with "the elements of a sound English education," but carefully instructing them in deportment, music, and the art of dress. Towards the end of her stay in this strange establishment Louise makes the accompinators of an this strange establisment Louisa makes the acquaintance of an impulsive young aristocrat, Julian Hilton, who hears her sing, and immediately falls desperately in love with her, to the great annoyance of his cousin, the strong-willed Adelaide Luscombe, who had intended his attentions to be reserved for herself alone. When he next sees the fair singer, she is living at home with her mother, and is very anxious to add to her small income by writing for the music publishers. It is at one of their shops that he meets her, and learns that her attempts have been hitherto unsuccessful. With all a lover's reckless generosity he sets to work to gratify her wishes, and succeeds at the cost of a considerable expenditure. We recommend the description of his plans to the attention of all musical amateurs who may be desirous of gaining the immortality of publication, but who are ignorant of the path which leads to it. Mr. Edwards lays bare for them all the secrets of the trade, and after reading his pages they cannot fail to ascertain the secret of success. So well does Julian manage that Louisa finds all her songs accepted, and soon realizes what is to her a small fortune. Unfortunately, his share in the transaction gradually comes to light, and he is shipped off to China by his alarmed relatives, while Lonisa finds herself to a certain extent compromised by his innocent manœuvres. Deprived of his invaluable assistance her songs are no longer a marketable commodity, and poverty once more stares her and her mother in the face, while she is subjected to a series of the most annoying attacks from Julian's friends and relatives. At length, the idea of going upon the stage occurs to her, and she sets out on an expedition in order to test its practicability. Her experiences form the subject of several very amusing chapters, in which the sketches of Mr. Turpin, the manager, and Signor Velletri, the conductor of the Royal Italian Opera, are equally truthful and humorous. Indeed, all the professionals who figure in the book are admirably hit off, but we cannot bestow equal praise on the portrait of Mr. Flingsby, the villain of the story, though it is probably taken from the life, and considerable pains have evidently been bestowed upon it. He is somewhat unreal and inconsistent with Nature and with himself. He seems at one time too bad for the society in which he mixes, and at another too good for his own bad character. Under his auspices Louisa makes good her footing upon the stage, passing at the time through her second transformation, and appearing before the footlights as Luigia Menotti—the third Louisa of the story. Her début proves a brilliant success, as may be seen by glancing at the "highly musical article" contributed on the occasion by Mr. O'Fiddle. the great musical critic, to the columns of the Morning Mail, and which forms part of an excellent and most amusing chapter. The account of the critic's visit to the singer after her triumph, and of her delight at his panegyric, although she cannot help laughing at his description of her personal appearance, and does not quite like his mentioning that some of her middle notes are "veiled," is full of quiet humour; and the same praise may be given to many other passages of the story. A tone of gentle irony pervades the whole book, preventing the sentimental passages from becoming insipid, and giving a sparkle throughout to the reflections and to the dialogue. Were it not for this quality the narrative would be in danger of becoming tedious, for it is not very artistically put together, and towards the end it has evidently been written in haste. The termination is brought about in a very hurried manner, and everybody is disposed of in the last few pages with a carelessness which savours somewhat of contempt. But the machinery of a drama is after all a subject of minor importance. It is with the characters whom it introduces and the words they utter that we are most interested. In the present case we have every reason to be pleased with the character of Louisa Maynard. Her archness and vivacity, her artistic merits and her personal attractions, her soundness of principle and correctness of intonation, are all portrayed and commented upon with good feeling and delicacy of touch, and the result is a pleasing addition to our gallery of agreeable heroines. Julian is rather a shadowy hero, but many of the minor characters stand out from the background in clear relief, especially the musicians, headed by Herr Wolfenbüttle, the German composer of esthetic but unintelligible sonatas, and the diplomatists Gotnochinko, the Little Russian, and Haulingswell, the Austrian

Secretary of Legation, and husband of the excitable Moldavian Princess Irma.

### A BOOK OF HOTCH-POTCH.\*

This English of ours, which is a great language in the hands of a master, is but poor stuff when uninformed by mind. Words are simply the symbols of sounds, and those sounds may be beautiful enunciations, pregnant with feeling and meaning in every inflection and in every tone, or the mere guttural utterances of the dull clod, as senseless when heard and as awkward when spelt as were those irritating polysyllables in the *Phonetic Niiz*. Perhaps, the greatest desecration ever attempted on any tongue was the printing of "Paradise Lost" in the phonetic character; the sublime invocation of Milton to the Holy Spirit became maddest gibberish, and the address of Satan in council more wildly comic than Mr. Burnand's very peculiar contributions in *Punch*, which are dated from the Colwell-Hatchney contributor.

The sound, Pope has told us, should be an echo to the sense; hence in all languages there are such words as dash, flash, slap, hiss, &c., which express as nearly as they can the sound of the meaning they convey; there are also, and even of these the master linguist knows how to make good use, certain reduplications, rhymes, and assonances in words which have been caught up from children or savages, and which from their sound, or a certain empiric happiness, retain their place in our dictionaries or colloquial vocabularies. Of these, Mr. Wheatley, a diligent hunter of dictionaries, has made a list of nearly six hundred, a large number made up in the present case by many varieties in spelling the same word; while Mr. Wheatley's predecessor, Mr. Booth, in 1835, could only find one hundred and twelve. These words have been formed in a hundred different ways, some by writers such as Rabelais, who delight to hide their no-meaning under a certain appearance of depth; but most of them by that cause which seems natural to every tongue, which persuades rude people that sound and sense are synonymous, and that by doubling the syllables or reduplicating the word, the person, who is speaking, adds weight to what he says. Thus, Mrs. Gamp, in expressing her notion of work, would not be content with saying that she toiled; she would have toiled and moiled; the end of a crowd is not the tag, but the tag-rag-and-bobtail. Then there are such words as splish-splash, wishy-washy, silly-billy, and tip-top. "Arn't that ere Boz a tip-top feller? Lots writes well, but he writes Weller," wrote poor Hood. Boz, by his innate genius, when he projects himself into the very characters he describes, makes duplicated words. Miss Lavvy Wilfer, in "Our Mutual Friend," will have nothing to do with "your Boffins and your Spoffins," and another character talks about your "Nicklebys and Kicklebys."

A certain cacophonic vulgarity is at the bottom of the majority of words, which may be, as South says, rabble-charming, since with the rabble they dwell, and much the rabble uses them. They are angular, and stick on the memory. The first word, which Mr. Wheatley does not define, and which he quotes from Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, is so dreadfully ugly and senseless that it has not travelled any further than Lincolnshire, it is "anshum scranchum;" the next is, it appears, Scotch for arguing, "argle-bargle," varied by being spelt "argol-bargol," which has a dreadful adjective, "argol-bargolous!" Many a father has disinherited a son for a less crime than using so abominable a lingo, and we do not thank Mr. Wheatley for preserving it. One might as well make a dictionary of the mis-spellings, which are not at all funny, and dreadfully threadbare, of Artemus Ward. There are, however, reduplicated words, which, as Mr. Farrar, in his chapters on language, notes, are used by a sort of παρήχησισ with great effect by many of our best writers. Mr. Farrar cites πορνεία πονηρία; φθόνοι φόνοι, from the New Testament; "sorted and consorted," "sly slow hours," "apprehends and comprehends," from Shakespeare; and "giving and forgiving," "chances and changes," from the Prayer-book. But these cannot be called reduplicated words. Shakespeare uses many such words actually in this dictionary, and of these one need not be ashamed. These

are "hurly-burly," "hugger-mugger"—a very expressive word, indicating an indecent haste—

"And have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him."—Hamlet, Act iv.

hum-drum, pellmell, and many others. These should be accepted as coins bearing the stamp of a king. So, indeed, should many others; as Latimer's mingle-mangle and hotch-potch; Marryat's mumble-jumble, derived no doubt from Mungo Park's account of Mumbo Jumbo, the Mandingo idol and bugbear; namby-pamby, coined, says Dr. Johnson, in fair reduplication, "from Ambrose Phillips," his short poems being popular, foolish, and sweet. Leigh Hunt uses the word niminy-piminy, a diminutive form of the more manly namby-pamby, a feminine and Leigh Huntish word, to be abhorred and avoided. For, even in a love-song fitted for mincing words, men should write for men. In Tennyson's love-songs, when he reduplicates, as in the "black-bat night," the weary-dreary of Mariana, the poet is manly, although Lord Lytton did call him school-Miss Alfred; and Molière, in the song in honour of the bottle ("Le Médecin malgré lui," Act iv.)—

" Qu'ils sont doux Vos petits glou-gloux!"

\* A Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language. By Henry B. Wheatley. Published for the Philological Society by Asher & Co., London.

imitates artistically the sound of the liquor as it steals sweetly from the bottle's neck. In all like cases, and in such words as "shill-I-shall-I," "willy-nilly," "bon-bon," "whim-wham," where a definite meaning, not otherwise easily expressed, can be attached to the words, good writers may use them, as Thackeray used "boo-hoo," in "Pendennis," and "yow-yowling," in the "Snob Papers." In all other cases authors should follow Cæsar's maxim and avoid an unaccustomed word,—"Insolens verbum," as a rock. If a Carlyle now and then wins fame by Germanized expressions, a hundred other writers flounder from the obscurity of their language to deserved neglect. To clothe our thoughts, as our bodies, simply and usefully is, after all, the most elegant, because the most natural way. At any rate, neither authors nor readers will be any the better for such reduplications as "pac-wax" with seven variations of spelling; nor for such nonsense as "carie-wary," "boris-novis," "caller-baller," "crany-wany," "crawley-mawley," "jookery-cookery," "shig-shog," and "sinnie-finnie," and such like skimble-skamble stuff, which, if made into a wild chorus, and sung at one of the music-halls—and from the raw literature of comic songs where Mr. Wheatley gathers much of his learned rubbish—would send some of our lunatic young men into a perfect frenzy of delight; nay, which might travel into our drawing-rooms, and be pronounced by our spasmodic belles as "awfully jolly." Mr. Wheatley has our thanks for a labour of which much has been like his own reduplications, redundant, if not useless.

### FRENCH LITERATURE.\*

THE state of society in Paris under the Second Empire has been a fertile subject for discussion by writers of varying shades of opinion, both English and foreign. By some, it has been declared intolerable, by others, perfect and peerless. Always gay and easy in its social customs, Paris has long had charms for strangers as well as natives, and not a few Englishmen have been found to spend so much of their days under the shadow of the Tuileries that they have ended by becoming, at least, as Parisian as the Parisians themselves. Since 1815, when our countrymen first began to flock into it, Paris society has undergone many changes, corresponding in some degree with the varying dynasties that have ruled there; Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Phillippe, the "Citizen King," influenced society in different ways, and moulded it into different forms. With the revival of the Napoleonic dynasty has come a fresh "formation," and new phases of character have been developed by altered circumstances. Of old, the Frenchman gave all his thoughts to "la gloire," few or none to business, as it is understood in this country; now, the consideration of glory is left to the army, and the civilian throws himself into a whirl of "Bourse" speculations and other affairs that keep him occupied from early morning till nightfall, so that domestic life, which was perhaps at no time a marked feature of French society, grows small by degrees until it may be said to reach the vanishing point, as achieved by M. and Madame Benoiton, "When the one rises on the conjugal horizon, the other sets"! The husband away all day at his office or on 'Change, speculating, toiling, panting for wealth; the wife fulfilling her functions by being "always out, at concerts, promenades, and balls, and appearing on each occasion in a new toilette,"—the one labouring for the mammon of riches, the other pursuing the phantom of pleasure, neither realizing for an other pursuing the phantom of pleasure, neither realizing for an hour the home, or "menage," of which it has become ludicrous to

Such is the picture set before us of life in Paris in the year of grace 1866, and under the rule of the Third Napoleon. Verily, if we are to believe all reports, not even the Conquistadores, who spent their lives in distant Mexico or Peru, and died on the march to that "El Dorado" which they never reach, and which at best was but tale gleaming in the sunlight, or the lonely Alchemists and Rosicrucians ever striving to transmute the metal in their crucibles, toiled more vainly than does the "Bourgeois gentilhomme" of the nineteenth century. A life of feverish anxiety, of unresting labour, of ceaseless hankering after an end never attained, on the part of the men; extravagance in dress, slang in language, and "perpetual motion," on the part of the women, are the characteristics which one of the cleverest recent descriptions assigns to the wealthy middle classes of Paris

M. Sardon is the author of many a comedy, but of none whose reputation is likely to be more lasting and wide-spread than the "Famille Benoiton." It is no small testimony to his merits that, although clearly making the cap fit on the rich "bourgeois" of the present day, as Molière did in his time, the play in which these faults and extravagances are placed on the stage has passed through more than twenty editions, the twenty-first being now before us. The gems of the piece, in point of character, are undoubtedly, Prudent—the cool, calculating son of M. Foremichel—and Fanfan, son of M. Benoiton, a boy of six or seven years of age, already losing and winning at a miniature exchange of postage stamps. The seniors of the two families are both believers in the "positive, practical system of education." M. Benoiton chose his son's toys after the rule of that system, and gave him scales that he might learn to weigh everything accurately, a spyglass that he might see things at a distance, a compass that he might always know the

quarter from which the wind was blowing, and a little strong box to teach him order and economy, "which are the essential bases of morality." The education of his daughters he left to their mother, only reserving to himself the inculcation of true doctrine on the subject of matrimony. M. Benoiton failed not to point a moral whenever he took his walks abroad. If he saw a lady rolling past in a carriage, enveloped in Cashmere, he would ask his children what idea she represented to them: the prompt answer due to such a parent came at once—" Dear father, it is a lady that has married well." So that the notion of a good match had become in their minds inseparable from lace and velvet, Cashmere and carriages. On the other side, M. Formichel, when sending his son Prudent on his travels, recommends him to keep clear of ciceroni and amateurs, "who would make him go eighteen times round a stone under pretence of its being of the age of Romulus." To such a young person it is need-less to observe that Seville seemed most remarkable for a slight movement in silk, leather, and tobacco, Cadiz for its wine and tunny-fish, Venice, a desolation without inhabitants and without commerce, that would only be worth thinking of if the Grand Canal were filled up and gas introduced! But we ought to be flattered at finding England attract this practical gentleman's sympathies. If there was one place most of all where "Formichel fils" felt pride in the power of man, it was at the sight of the Liverpool manufacture of soap. That impressed him with the idea of sublimity, when all world-renowned places and historical associations had failed to awaken a spark of feeling. What are Capulets and Montagues, Guelphs and Ghibellines, to the practical man who bows down before Birmingham and Manchester? If he reverences anything it is soap, and needles, and dockyards. Let the dead past bury its dead. Yet the result of this system was hardly pleasing to its great supporter, when he found his cherished Prudent making use of his mathematical education to prove that his father was twenty-five thousand francs in his debt. and offering to settle the matter by yielding to his father a house that proved to be falling to pieces, and taking in exchange a newly

furnished house of his in town! The aristocrat of the piece, Vicomte Hector Pardaillan de Champrosé, admires one of Benoiton's daughters, but suffers much torture of mind from her fast style both in dress and language. Yet he does not know how he can reproach her—"Ses toilettes? j'ai de quoi les payer! Leur excentricité! C'est la mode! Il n'y a vraiment que l'argot! Et c'est la française de l'avenir!" We hope, in common mith all mhe desire te sest he me in a l'avenir! with all who desire to see the purity of language preserved, whether on this side of the Channel or the other, that there may be some exaggeration in this prophecy. In the examples furnished by M. Sardon, we observe a new phase of the "Entente cordiale," in the shape of fragments from the dialect of the Turf, for young France, whether male or female, has a passion for "le sport." Mdlle. whether male or female, has a passion for "le sport." Mdlle. Camille Benoiton laying ten Louis on Carabine, a horse that was to run at Versailles, duly exclaims "I gave," in what she conceives to be correct English, in reply to Théodale's "I take," and forthwith begins a hunt for her "Betting-book," to the horror of Champrosé. After this we shall not be surprised to hear that Camille has a "steack" (Anglicè, stick), "pour aller aux courses, et une grande canne, longue longue, pour les bains de mer," while the pictures Champrosé takes to represent theatrical dresses, the "Hongroise," "Gitana," "Vivandière," even "Turco," are simply "des robes de ville!" Neither, perhaps, shall we be altogether astonished that under such a régime the matrimonial prospects of astonished that under such a régime the matrimonial prospects of young ladies of the Benoiton stamp do not flourish. We may think that they have scant reason to complain of any than themselves for this position of affairs. Formerly, indeed, they married for a home, "to govern that little home christened by a charming name, now almost ridiculous, le ménage." In those days the wife went out but little, for there were not many facilities; but the Parisian lady of the present day travels about from Trouville to Ems, from Baden to Etretat, as easily as her grandmother went from the linen-press to the still-room. And the dress varies with every outing—"Toilette de wagon, de bateau, de bain, de cheval, de chasse, de pêche, de soleil, de pluie, de brouillard, d'avalanche!" In fit keeping with this feverish pleasure-seeking on the one side is the equally feverish money-making on the other: truly, in these days, "Life is no longer the journey of old, when one plucked flowers from the wayside." The railway whistle is ever sounding in our ears, and "Life itself is become a railway that suppresses time and distance" -old age comes on, then the last stage of all, and we have not yet lived the years of our life, not yet attained the good we had set before our imaginations. Before our sons are "dans le mouvement," and when proposing for a young lady, they calculate expectations as well as dowry, and ascertaining papa-in-law's age to be fifty-seven, they quietly observe that they will have fifteen years to wait for the money due at his death! No wonder that "Père Benoiton" is confounded when he finds young Prudent settling that he will have "two children, neither more nor less, the boy to be a civil engineer, the girl to marry well, and then comes in the inheritance of papa." Little wonder that "Père Formichel" feels a cold shiver at these results of his positive system of education, "and is afraid to think what might become of him if he had two such sons." There is hardly any margin for choice between Fanfan, who breaks open his father's strong box, for which the positive system had given him a "just aspiration," and Prudent, who cheats his father by selling him a house of which the upper story was falling in upon the ground-floor! We hope they were both sufficiently dans le mouvement to satisfy their parents, but we do not care to be "posted up" to that extent ourselves, as Brother Jonathan would translate it. Such sharpness

<sup>\*</sup> La Famille Benoiton, Par Victorien Sardon, Paris: Michel Lévy.

does indeed seem worthy of "the States," but it would be too much for quiet English nerves to stand long. We must not omit to mention that there is a touch of the "melodrama" in the "Famille Benoiton." One of the daughters, Camille, is carried off from a racecourse by her cousin Stephen, and an absurd scene follows, in which the angry father cools his wraths and catches a cold, watching for the runaway couple at the Northern Railway terminus, and put a paragraph in the "Petit Journal," promising "oblivion, pardon, and marriage," which he finally ratifies on finding that Stephen is willing to take his cousin without dowry, while Prudent Formichel, true to his name and education, asks an increased marriage portion. Then there is conjugal dissension threatening a duel and separation, on the part of the bustling man of business, M. Didier, who suspects his wife of attachment to Champrosé. After many turns of fortune the quarrel is appeased by the exertions of a cousin of the Viscount's, Madame Clotilde d'Evry, who had long exercised her talents in the novel profession of making up suitable matches for her lady friends. The mischiefmaker in this instance was one of her last and most hopeless subjects, Adolphine, of uncertain age and eccentric demeamour.

It is to be remarked that Madame Benoiton, true to her function of being "always out," never once makes her appearance on the stage: the only time she is supposed to be coming she fails to do so, having forgotten her umbrella; so "voila petite maman repartie." The moral of the play, as pointed by Madame d'Evry, is simple: the husband to be less out of doors, the wife more at home; "Monsieur moins affairé, Madame plus occupée, et l'on est tout étonné d'être heureux sans y prendre garde!" Those who have not seen the "Famille Benoiton" on the French or English boards, may at least make sure of a hearty laugh by reading M. Sardon's comedy, and cannot fail to be interested in this "peep behind the

scenes" among the Plutocracy of the Second Empire.

### MACLEOD'S THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BANKING.\*

THE second edition of this work has appeared at an appropriate time, when the country has just passed through a banking crisis. Although Mr. Macleod does not appear to have any special experience of the practical business of banking, his theory is generally based on the soundest principles, and we find but few grounds on which to differ with him. His work commences with a well-considered introduction, in which the author briefly traces the progress of the science of political economy from the time of Adam Smith. Mr. Macleod observes that it (political economy) " is now in the course of undergoing a second and final change of conception of its nature and limits"—an assumption from which we dissent. If the world were to remain stationary, and commence to experience no variation beyond alternate rising and falling, we might perhaps have exhausted the theory, but as there is no conceivable reason for such an opinion, we suspect that with every fresh advance new elements will come into play whose influence is at present either undervalued or unknown altogether. The great revolution in trade, initiated by the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, is yet but half accomplished, and its further progress will necessarily produce as startling changes as any that we have already seen. With this objection begins and ends our fault-finding with the introductory part. We now proceed to consider the more important portion of the work which treats upon banking science generally.

Mr. Macleod's first chapter is occupied with the definitions and illustrations of the terms used in monetary science. Of these the chief are: -wealth, property, money, currency, credit, circulation, price, interest, capital, supply and demand, profit, and others. He enters at some length upon these various terms, explaining their true meanings, and refuting the erroneous views of his predecessors. He then goes on to the theory of value-of its origin and causes, the influences by which it is governed, and the impossibility of fixing an invariable standard. In his remarks upon this last question, he almost superfluously proves his case; and, indeed, the point is now so generally admitted, that it might just as well have

been left out altogether.

The theory of credit is discussed at considerable length, first as applied to credit proper, and in succeeding sections on bills, cheques, and the like, the various systems by which it is used, the theory of banking and currency, with a succinct résumé of the opinions of modern economists upon these important points. Mr. Macleod then proceeds to examine the theories of the coinage and the exchanges, anticipating in the latter Mr. Goschen's valuable work, to which this section is necessarily inferior in comprehensiveness and detail. A new chapter is opened with the rise and progress of banking, especially as regards Scotland. The seventh commences the important subject of banking in England, and gives a general account of its development in this country down to the year 1800. In the history of this period the establishment and proceedings of the Bank of England play a prominent part. The eighth chapter is occupied with that disastrous period of our financial career from the renewal of the Bank Charter Act in 1800, to the resumption of specie payments in 1819. It was during this interval that the famous Bullion Committee was appointed, who prepared a report which provoked a great amount of discussion, and was eventually thrown out in the House of Commons by a majority of four to one. This celebrated document expressed views

the soundness of which is now almost universally admitted, but which seemed to find little favour at that time. It is singular to find the name of Robert Peel among those voting against it. One of the points which we should have thought must have commended itself to every shrewd man of business, was the very simple one that gold cannot vary in value when measured by gold alone. In other words, that a pound weight of gold exactly equals, neither more nor less, the precise number of sovereigns that can be coined out of it, allowing a trifling deduction for mintage. In those days an idea prevailed which has not altogether died out, that a considerable difference might exist between the Mint and market prices of the same commodity. About ten years ago the Bank of France, contrary, we believe, to the sense of the directors, but urged by Government pressure, acted upon this view, by purchasing at a premium gold in our market, but without of course producing any result beyond that of loss. Another point established by the committee was that a depreciation in the currency is the sure cause of an adverse movement in the foreign exchanges, a conclusion which no one in these days dreams of disputing, but was fiercely attacked by the financiers of the time. The framers of the report, however, ultimately had their revenge. Nine years after its rejection, the strongest opponents to its principles were entirely converted. It is both instructive and amusing to contrast the debates upon the report of the committee of 1810 with those of the year 1819, on the resumption of specie payments by the Bank.

The ninth chapter also includes an eventful period-from 1819 to 1844. In that interval two severe commercial crises occurred, one in 1825 and the second in 1837-9. The crash of 1825 will rank with, if it does not surpass, the panic we have only lately gone through. In both cases banking credit was chiefly threatened; but although the failures then were reckoned by hundreds, they have now been comparatively few. Still it is doubtful whether the aggregate losses have not been heavier in 1866 than in 1825. It was on that terrible occasion that Mr. Huskisson made the memorable remark, that the country was within a few hours of a state of barter. The courage and ability of the directors of the Bank at that time shone conspicuous, and saved the nation from utter ruin.

In the words of Mr. Harman, the Governor :-

"We lent it (money) in every possible means, and in modes we had never adopted before; we took in stock as security, we purchased Exchequer bills, we not only discounted outright, but we made advances on deposit of bills of exchange to an immense amount; in short, by every possible means, consistent with the safety of the Bank, and we were not, on some occasions, over nice; seeing the dreadful state in which the public were, we rendered every assistance

Mr. Macleod observes that "this audacious policy was crowned with the most complete success, the panic was stayed almost immediately." The commercial world will long regret that in 1866 the heads of the Bank were not so capable of taking a decided course as their predecessors. Instead of the panic of this year being stayed almost immediately, it was needlessly maintained for more than three months.

A supplementary portion is added, bringing down the history of the Bank of England, and of commerce generally, to the present day. The most interesting part refers to the great crisis, now happily over. On the whole, Mr. Macleod takes a just view of the convulsion, though we are surprised to find him reiterating a theory which, by his own confession, works, at the best, but very irregularly. Speaking of the rapid accumulation of bullion at the Bank of France when the rate of discount there was only 4 per cent., and the almost stationary amount at the Bank of England with a discount of 10 per cent., Mr. Macleod says :-

"This most remarkable and, indeed, unprecedented state of matters has actually led many persons to question the truth of the law, that a high rate of discount attracts bullion from foreign countries, and keeps it in the country, and to maintain that the rates ought to be quite independent of each other. To suppose, however, that a law is false which is founded on the widest and long-continued experience in every country, shows a hasty style of argument. When the moon ceases to sway the tides, then—but not till then—will the rate of discount cease to attract the flood of bullion."

Perhaps the expounder of this theory will explain why it is that gold is sent here from California and Australia, the rates of discount in those countries being usually from two to four times higher than in England? Also, the reason that bullion is not exported largely to Turkey, where the lowest rate of discount varies from 12 to 20 per cent.? A stronger argument may be found in the fact, "founded on the widest and long-continued experience," that in ordinary times the flow of bullion between England and America is invariably in our favour, although the rate of discount is in New York generally double that in London. Mr. Macleod, in fact, condemns his own theory when he states that, "there are several causes which influence the flow of bullion, which, at any time, may act in the same or opposite directions. Of these, the rate of discount is only one, and at particular times it may be overpowered by some other consideration." Of course it may; but in that case what becomes of the comparison with the tides? or of the infallibility of a law which is constantly overruled? If Mr. Macleod looks into the question a little deeper, he will find that the same causes which overpower the flow-of-bullion theory are almost invariably those which make the rate of discount high, and it is absurd to suppose that the one evil will work the cure by neutralizing the other. Our experience of the great crisis of

<sup>\*</sup> The Theory and Practice of Banking. By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq., M.A., &c. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

1866 is decisive on this point. Apart, however, from this and a few other questions, in which we think Mr. Macleod is in error, we can recommend his "Theory and Practice of Banking" as a comprehensive and thoughtful work, and especially valuable as a book of reference.

### INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE.\*

WE have seen Egyptian Thebes "done" by some indefatigable tourist in a day or two. It was easy enough to run through those wonderful temples, to descend the long galleries of a single royal tomb, to stare at the Vocal Memnon, and then to return to the boat with no better recollection of the most marvellous field of ruins in the world than a confused nightmare of huge columns, over-thrown temples, and broken statues. If one of these unhappy victims of Western impatience were to repeat to the village audience of a penny reading his recollections of Thebes, he would produce something in the style of Mr. Sharpe. After an acquaintance of many years with at least the fact that there are Egyptian monuments, Mr. Sharpe still studies them in the butterfly fashion. He lights upon a tablet or a bas-relief which has not merely picture but descriptive legend, and he copies the picture, completely ignoring the legend, which a little patience, or the help of any good-natured Egyptologist would explain to him, and thus the monument is about as intelligible to him as the Illustrated London News to the Grand Lama, or the "Brettanicos Aster" to a British cook. However much we may regret that the old Egyptians and Assyrians did not oblige us by describing their bas-reliefs in good English, written not in a crabbed Elizabethan hand, but in a fair nineteenth-century one, suited to the Sharpes of the period, there is the unfortunate fact, and we must continue to protest against such indolent productions as that before us, however vain the protest. For, unfortunately, Mr. Sharpe holds a middle course between Egyptology and Biblical criticism, and as all Egyptologists are not Biblical critics, and the converse, some on both sides are sure to imagine there is something in his works, while the outside public admires their number, and is perhaps not dissatisfied at their freedom from all learned difficulty.

To illustrate the Bible from the Egyptian and Assyrian monu-ments—the object of the present work—is easy, if the illustrator is contented to select pictures of things described by the sacred writers. For instance, an Egyptian chariot may be used as an illustration of those of any Pharaoh spoken of, and an Assyrian warrior is appropriate to the history of Sennacherib. But care must be taken not to fall into the error of putting an Egyptian chariet to represent an Israelite one, or an Assyrian warrior for a Persian. Mr. Sharpe essays a much bolder flight: his illustrations are "argumentative and explanatory." His object is to explain obscure passages, or prove the truth of historical statements. He accordingly accompanies his cuts with explanatory descriptions. Many of the illustrations are, however, by no means chosen in accordance with this ambitious resolution. On the contrary, they are very good instances of the old sort of woodcuts, the subjects of which were chosen by the artist without reference to the editor, and illustrate nothing but the art "how not to illustrate." To take a few. Egyptian crowns are given as illustrations of Aaron's head-dress, with the remark, "From these the Jewish high priest's crown was copied," though it happens that they are exclusively royal crowns never worn by any Egyptian but the king. A figure of an Egyptian squatted with his chin on his knees is the illustration of the description of the prophet Elijah on Carmel, who was evidently in an Arab attitude of prayer, kneeling with the face to the earth. Even wilder is the illustration of the polished cornerstones by a Greek Caryatid.

Of the errors resulting from the neglect to study the descriptive legends of the bas-reliefs here copied, we might give many instances. One may suffice. Mr. Sharpe gravely asserts that the Egyptians held two opinions as to the resurrection of the body, on the evidence of two pictures, the accompanying descriptions of which, or of similar representations, he has never attempted to study. This result is as correct as that of the travellers before Champollion, who saw in the figurative representations of the slaughter of foreign captives evidence of the practice of human sacrifice.

The author states in his preface that, though he quotes the Authorized Version, "in many cases the translation has been corrected by the help of the Hebrew or Greek original, as the translators of our Authorized Version often thought it unnecessary to point out peculiarities in manners and customs," &c. The unwary reader would of course expect that so nice a corrector would retain not a single one of the wrong translations of the English version. He would be very soon startled by finding an illustration depending upon the incorrect rendering "satyr." On looking a little more carefully he will form some idea of Mr. Sharpe's power of referring to the Hebrew original when he finds Mount Sephar of Genesis x. 30 identified with Mount Shapher of Numbers xxxiii. 23, and both translated, "Written Mountain," Sephar and Shapher (properly Shepher) being actually written with letters as distinct as our s and z. The geography of this identification is equally startling. But Mr. Sharpe is free from all small prejudices, and summarily disposes of all possible difficulties by the simple method of ignoring them. Thus the famous controversy about the rendering of Jacob's prophecy as to Judah is settled by putting "until he come to Shiloh" as a more literal translation, which is exactly what it is not.

But we have been too much in earnest with a book that is really entertaining in its invincible ignorance. What can be better than the description of the Assyrian Nisroch as holding a vessel of water and "a fir-cone, which he uses as a sponge." Why a sponge? Is he hydropathy personified? and if so, what a marvellous being he must have been to use such a sponge. This fir-cone and its use has been hitherto an archæological puzzle. Mr. Sharpe has seen through it. Curiously enough, though here he is so singularly sharp-sighted, in another case he is as exceptionally blind. He tells us that in Egypt "the whole race of oxen were held sacred: they were used for ploughing, but never killed and eaten." There are in the tombs numberless representations of killing, cooking, and eating oxen, as any one may see who turns over Champollion's Monuments. Rosellini's Monuments or Lensing's Dankmöler.

Monuments, Rosellini's Monumenti, or Lepsius's Denkmäler.

Perhaps the reader will not take much account of the hieroglyphic and other Egyptological slips of Mr. Sharpe. But if we take him to the every-day classical subjects of the work, he will be able to gauge the author's learning and care. There is a stemma of the Herodian family, in which Mariamne is written Mariamme, and no distinction made between the two wives of Herod of that name. The next subject will be welcome to Professor De Morgan:—

"The number 666 is written in the MSS. by the Greek numeral letters F, X, Ch. In some MSS., however, the number is 616, or F, I, Ch; and this I venture to conjecture is the true reading,—meaning Flavius Ispasianus Chaisar."

. We copy literally, and will not spoil the extract by a single comment.

The volume is, however, not wholly Mr. Sharpe's. The woodcuts by Mr. Bonomi are well executed, and we only regret that so able an artist should have submitted to the Mezentian treatment he here endures; for him it would have been a real advantage had the work been printed in invisible ink.

### SHORT NOTICES.

The Alleged Conversion of the Irish Bishops to the Reformed Religion at the Accession of Queen Elizabeth, &c. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. (Longmans & Co.)—The researches of Dr. Brady, in connection with the history of the Irish Church, are so well known for the care with which they have been conducted that any new statement from him is sure to receive attention. In the pamphlet, the title of which we give above, Dr. Brady's object is to prove that the bishops of the Irish Established Church are not the successors of St. Patrick, as has been alleged by over-zealous Irish Churchmen. He shows that there were twenty-six bishops in Ireland at the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, that twenty-five of them died in communion with the Church of Rome, and that the single one who conformed, Hugh Curwin, Archbishop of Dublin, had been consecrated in London by Bishop Bonner, in Mary's reign, before his translation to England. He also asserts that not one of the Irish episcopate of 1558, except this Curwin, can be proved to have joined in the consecration of a bishop appointed by Elizabeth. The Irish episcopal succession from St. Patrick consequently remains with the Irish Roman Catholic Church. Such is Dr. Brady's challenge to the friends of the Establishment. His facts are drawn partly from his own researches, but chiefly from those of Dr. Moran, some time Vice-Rector of the Irish College at Rome; and, though the latter source may be pronounced tainted, he considers that the onus of proving it so falls on those who question it. Dr. Brady supports his conclusions by the authority of Mr. Froude, who has stated his conviction that, "with the exception of the Archbishop of Dublin," not one of Queen Mary's bishops, nor any of the clergy beyond the Pale, went over to the Reformation.

The Educator's Guide, or Handbook for Principals of Schools, Parents, Guardians, Governesses, and Tutors. By Robert Henry Mair, Editor of the "Scholastic Directory," &c. (Dean & Son.)—Sixteen years' intercourse with teachers, in his capacity of Educational Agent, induced Mr. Mair to think that schoolmasters and mistresses generally, as well as tutors and governesses, are ignorant of many things concerning their own rights and obligations, which it behoves them to know. Having received many requisitions for advice upon trivial scholastic affairs, he determined on writing a few papers of a business nature; these swelled under his hand, and hence the present volume. It appears to us to contain a good deal of information that is likely to be useful to the class addressed, but to be written too much in the would-be comic style. The legal information, however, and the digest of cases bearing on schools, scholars, and preceptors, are very good

features, and, we believe, not to be found elsewhere.

Poems. By Magnolia. (London: Alfred W. Bennett.) This pleasant-looking little volume, with its neat binding and typography, appeals for a sort of Sunday-school hearing. The paper is of a colour which more or less indicates the character of the verses; it looks as if some weak tea had been spilled over it. The writer has evidently studied Dr. Watts, and exhibits that ungraceful tendency for putting texts of Scripture into rhyme to which people with a taste for piety, and a still greater taste for seeing themselves published, are rather prone. "Magnolia" is evidently a person of harmless character and a fair education; but poetry requires a few other qualifications, and "Magnolia" does not appear to possess them.

A Concise Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture. By John Henry Parker, F.S.A., Oxford and London. (James Parker & Co.)—This is an excellent little work. The illustrations and the text are both valuable aids to any one who wishes to write or speak on architecture, and we can recommend it

both to technical and non-technical readers.

The Brown Papers. By Arthur Sketchley, reprinted from Fun.
(New York: George Routledge & Sons. London: Fun Office, Fleet-

<sup>\*</sup> Texts from the Holy Bible explained by the Help of the Ancient Monuments. By Samuel Sharpe. London: Day & Son.

street.)—Mrs. Brown is worth a dozen of the American comicalities which have been recently imported into this country. Her speculations on things in general are much more amusing than the bad spellings and violent absurdities of Artemus Ward, and her figure and character are supported throughout in a clever and dramatic style.

Handbook for Travellers in Westmoreland and Cumberland. (Murray.)—What more need we say for this compact little volume than that it is one of Murray's admirable "Handbooks," renowned all over the world, wherever men make journeys, or put up at hotels? It is indeed an excellent description of the district in question, crammed full of facts, and furnished besides with some first-rate maps, very inclusive, apparently very reliable (the map of the Lake District is constructed chiefly from the new Ordnance Survey), and beautifully

The Public School Latin Primer. Edited with the Sanction of the Head Masters of the Public Schools included in her Majesty's Commission. (Longmans & Co.)—This is the Latin Primer to which we alluded in our "Literary Gossip" last week as having been so long in preparation. It is founded, says the editor, on a Latin Grammar which has been largely used in English schools during the last twenty years, and has been elaborately revised, first by the author, and afterwards by the head-masters of various public schools, assisted by other scholars engaged in classical instruction. With the united scholarship of so many competent revisers, it is certain to command general confidence and respect.

Line upon Line; or, a Second Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is Capable of Receiving. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." Part I. (Hatchard & Co.)—The chief events of the Bible are here related in plain language, suited to a child's capacity. The present instalment extends from the Creation to the death of Joshua; but an additional part is promised. Some illustratrations are given, which are bad as they need be—or as they needn't.

We have also received The Bacchæ of Euripides, with Short English Notes for the Use of Schools (James Parker & Co., Oxford and London);—Cholera: its Causes, Prevention, and Simple Treatment, by James Shew, M.D., and R. T. Trall, M.D. (Bacon & Co.)—a pamphlet written in favour of Hydropathy;—A Short Treatise on the Nature, Origin, and Prevention of Cholera, by Dr. Gustave Monod, translated by A. A. von Glehn (Rivingtons);—a second edition of The Rubric as to Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof (Parker & Co.);—The Exchequer Note versus the Sovereign, by James Harvey (Howell, Liverpool)—a brief treatise in favour of a State paper money, expanding with population and wealth;—and The Herne Bay, Hampton, and Reculver Oyster Fishery Company—a reprint of the evidence taken in the House of Lords on the Bills promoted by the Whitstable and Herne Bay, &c., Fishery Companies, with an Explanatory Introduction and Notes, contributed by Several Hands (Effingham Wilson).

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

We have received a communication from Mr. Charles Reade, complaining of a quotation made in our "Literary Gossip," of August 11, from the New York literary journal, the Round Table, with reference to Mr. Reade's new story, "Griffith Gaunt." The article in the Round Table surprised other London journalists besides ourselves; for on the same day that we noticed it, a similar paragraph to our own appeared in other papers. The London Review looked upon the paragraph only as showing the peculiar opinion formed of Mr. Charles Reade's new novel by a prominent portion of the American press, but without the slightest intention of endorsing the sentiments of the American writer. In this light, too, we are confident the paragraph in question was regarded by our readers.

With respect to the Bunhill-fields burial-ground, we read that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Corporation are still far from coming to an agreement as to the terms on which the ground is to be finally enfranchised and handed over to the Corporation in trust for the public. It is said that the whole matter will be referred to arbitration. The ground has a literary interest, as containing the grave of John Bunyan. We regret to hear that the monument to Bunyan erected by Sir Morton Peto and his friends has been grossly mutilated, and that the railings are partly broken.

The daily papers announce the death of the Rev. John Grote, B.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge University, one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, and younger brother of the celebrated historian of Greece. He died at the vicarage of Trumpington, which he had held since 1847. The deceased, who was fifty-three years of age, graduated at Trinity College in 1835, the year when Dr. Cotterill, Bishop of Graham's Town, was senior wrangler, Mr. Goulburn being second wrangler, second classic, and second Smith's (mathematical) prizeman. Mr. Grote was second senior optime in the mathematical tripos (bracketed), and sixth classic. He was soon after elected fellow of his college, and continued so to his death, when he was fourth in seniority. He was elected to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in 1855, on the resignation of the late Dr. Whewell, and occupied the chair till his death.

Mr. George Henry Francis, for many years connected with the London and provincial press, the writer in Fraser's Magazine of "The Age of Veneer," and the author of various other papers, died recently at Paris at the age of fifty.

The catalogue of the French Universal Exhibition was last week put up to auction by means of sealed tenders. M. Dentu, the well-known Palais Royal publisher, bid 500,000 francs (£20,000), and to him the concession was made. The Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary says that "the following calculation as to the probable amount of profits he will thereby reap has been made. Suppose a million of copies to be issued; the cost of printing, paper, and advertising these said copies will at least come to £12,000. To this sum add the £20,000 paid for the privilege of publishing them, and you have the formidable sum of £32,000 sterling. Sell each copy at a franc, and M. Dentu will at once realize £8,000 profit." This is better work than writing books.

Baron Haussmann has just published the first volume of his topographical history of Old Paris, and has ordered diggings to be made in the court of the Louvre, to ascertain certain matters with respect to which he will have to give details in the second volume.

Roger de Beauvoir, author of "L'Ecolier de Cluny," the "Chevalier de St. Georges," the "Cabaret des Morts," "Histoires Cavalières," &c., died on Monday, of internal gout, at the age of fifty-six.

The members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now in session at Nottingham, paid a visit last Saturday to Newstead Abbey, once the seat of Lord Byron, and now in the possession of Mr. Webb, the traveller. Many are the memorials of the noble poet carefully preserved in that grey old relic of the monkish times, which, with its embowering woods, its lakes, and its ancient chambers associated with stories of the past, is one of the veritable homes of romance still remaining in modern utilitarian England. To the pleasure of this visit, the cordial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Webb gave an additional zest.

We are all familiar with the poet Shelley; but how many people know that there is a place in England of that name? There is one, however, near Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, and the first stone of a new church has just been laid there. The Shelleys are an old Sussex family; but they may have come originally from the great northern counts.

The "Eisteddfod," or Welsh national celebration, will take place in the ensuing week at Chester. In connection with it, an Exhibition will be opened of Welsh art, industry, and natural productions.

The "Flâneur" of the Morning Star announces that he is going to take a holiday for five or six weeks, and that accordingly for that period his column of gossip will be absent from the paper.

The Italian popular poet Plati is in Paris, and has been received by

The Times of Thursday contains what is, for it, a very unusual feature—viz., an original poem. The subject is the late accident in the Alps, and the poem is written with great power and beauty. It is signed "B."

Archæologists are interesting themselves in some remains—consisting of human and other bones, implements of war, &c -which have been discovered between Alton and Farnham. As some men were digging for gravel in a field adjoining the turnpike road, they broke into what looked like a place of sepulture, and after awhile turned up portions of ten skeletons, together with several brass and iron ornaments, the ribs and head of a horse, some arrow-heads of iron or steel, four swords with cross hilts, one of which is broken, and a monile, or horse-necklace, consisting of 120 beads of opalized glass. All of these things appear to have been thrown into a large pit, and the bones (which do not seem to have been inclosed in coffins) crumbled to dust on being exposed to the air. A local antiquary refers the relics to the reign of Henry III. or his successor; and it is on record that about that period a celebrated robber, named Adam Gurdeen, took up his residence in the neighbourhood, after having been disinherited and outlawed, with other adherents of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, for refusing to submit to the King. Gurdeen is known to have preyed on the adherents of the monarch, and the bones may have been those of his victims.

Mr. Keith Johnston and other gentlemen engaged in the exploration of Palestine have discovered at Tell Hum, the ancient temple of Capernaum, nearly if not quite entire. The interest of this discovery is very great, since there is no other building at the present day which can be identified as one of those in which Jesus actually was.

"Artemus Ward" makes his first appearance in an English periodical in the current number of *Punch*. He addresses to the Fleet-street wit a letter on his arrival in England, and promises more. It is to be hoped that the following communications will be a little brighter than the first.

While speaking of Punch, we cannot refrain from noticing with regret the badness of the illustrations, which, at one time the very perfection of comic art, are now, for the most part, neither comic nor artistic. The best thing in the current number is a little sketch of a hairdresser cutting the shaggy mane of a terrier, which is full of fancy and fun. Even Mr. Tenniel's cartoon is poor this week, and the large social illustrations are execrable. When we look back to the days of Leech and Doyle, we are conscious of a decline into something like barbarism—theresult of a vicious style of drawing obstinately adhered to.

The New York Herald—celebrated for its "rowdy" tone of coarse personal invective—recently published an article denouncing the Italians generally as cowards and charlatans. The Italians of the city held a private meeting, and deputed certain of their number to wait upon the editor of the Herald, and demand satisfaction. They saw Mr. James H. Bennett, son of the founder of the paper, and were told by him that "it would be impossible to get satisfaction out of the Herald." Mr. J. H. Bennett "does not believe in fighting;" but he announced that, if he should be attacked by the Italians, or insulted by them, he should shoot his assailants, or as many of them as possible. The Italians seemed inclined to take summary vengeance, so that we may possibly hear of a collision. But is not all this disgraceful to a civilized city?

Señor de la Barrera, the Spanish bibliographical writer, to about to publish a new life of Lope de Vega, founded on documents hitherto unknown, and comprising a series of the poet's autograph letters, lately brought to light from the Archives of the Conde de Altamira. It is said, however, that the publication of these letters will be opposed, because they reveal that, even after he became a priest, Lope was

somewhat given to the vanities of the world.

Dr. William Howard Russell promises us a novel. It will bear the title of "Dr. Ready"

title of "Dr. Brady."

The new proprietor of the Globe newspaper denies that he has purchased that journal for the Carlton.

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co. announce for early publication a work on the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, by the Rev. Henry Rowley (one of the two surviving members of Bishop Mackenzie's clerical staff), giving a narrative of the expedition from first to last, and illustrated by maps and numerous engravings.